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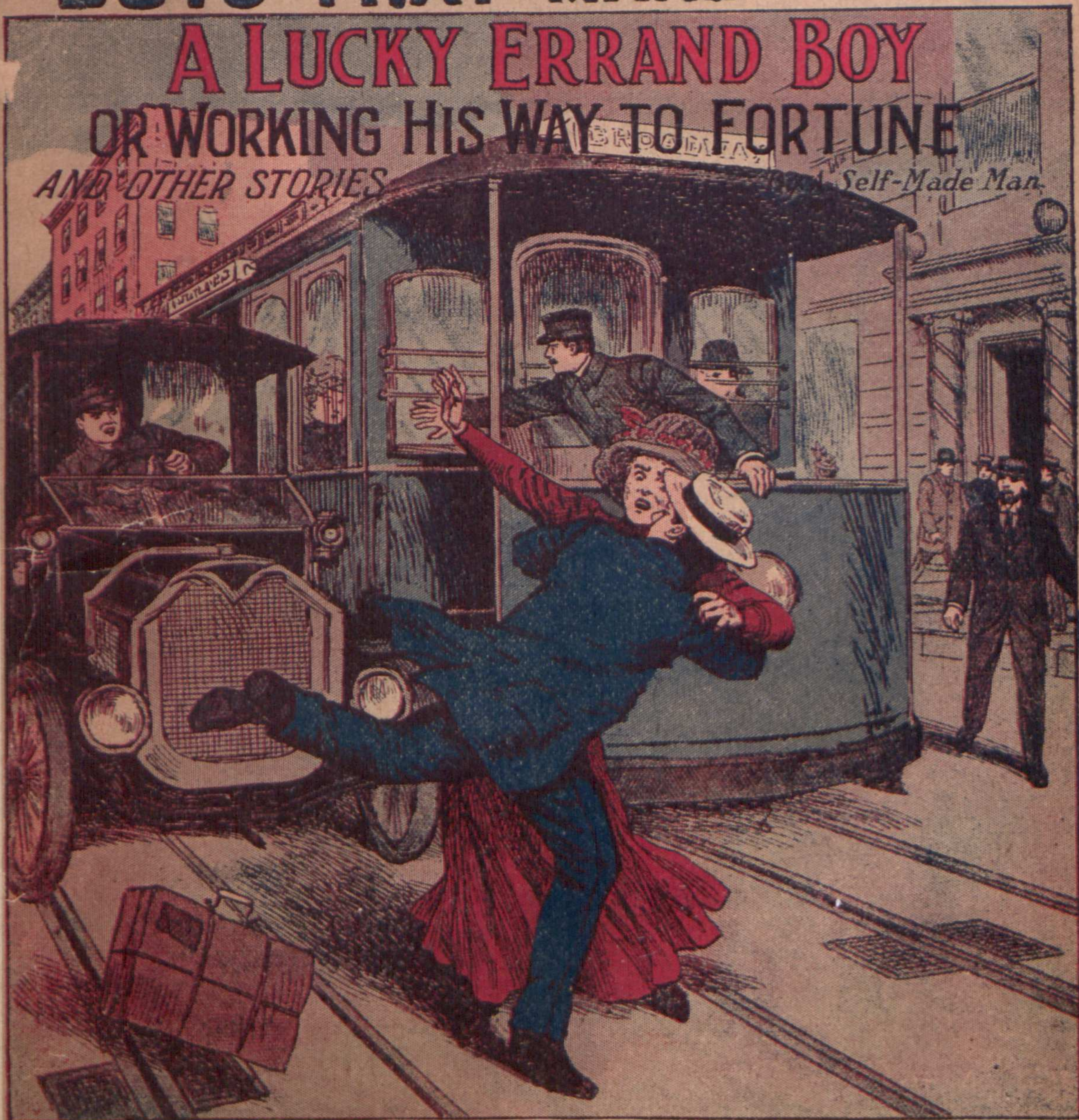
MARCH 4, 1921.

7 Cents

FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A LUCKY ERRAND BOY OR WORKING HIS WAY TO FORTUNE AND OTHER STORIES



As the girl started to cross the street the uptown car prevented her from seeing the oncoming taxi-cab until it was almost on her. With a warning cry Tom darted across the path of the cab, seized and bore the girl back.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 805

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

A LUCKY ERRAND BOY

OR, WORKING HIS WAY TO FORTUNE

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Tom Jones and Others.

"There's been a circus here since you went out, Tom," said Timothy Brown, the entry clerk of the importing and commission house of Barnaby & Sanderson.

"A circus! What do you mean?" said Tom Jones, the errand boy, hanging up his hat.

"The boss, meaning Barnaby, of course, had a run-in with his son and fired him."

"What! fired Charley Barnaby!" cried Tom, in astonishment.

"Yes; told him to get out and stay out. Said he was through with him."

"What for?"

Timothy winked his eye mysteriously and whispered:

"Because he got married on the D. Q., meaning dead quiet."

"You don't mean it!" said Tom, in a tone of surprise.

"I do. It's a fact. You'll never guess who he's married to."

"How could I?"

"Miss Preston, the stenographer."

"No!" cried Tom, quite paralyzed by the information.

"Sure as you live, Tom. The boss fired her, too."

"Gee!"

"Barnaby intended his son to marry some rich young widow in his own set, and he was mad as a wild bull because C. B., meaning Charles Barnaby, disappointed him."

"If Charley was keeping the matter quiet, how did his father learn about it?"

"I don't know, but I can guess."

"How, do you think, then?"

Timothy jerked his thumb toward a tall, dark-featured young man, who held the position of second bookkeeper.

"S. P., meaning Septimus Plotter. It's a dollar to a doughnut he found out Charley's secret and told the old man."

"Why, he's Charley's cousin! He wouldn't——"

"Do a thing to Charley. Of course not. He wouldn't be guilty of such a thing—not he!" said Timothy, in a tone of sarcasm. "Don't you know he's a regular sneak? He's one of those fellows who'll shake your hand with his right and stick a knife into you with his left."

Tom did know it, but he didn't suppose that Plotter had anything against his cousin.

"You think he is the cause of the trouble?" he said.

"I'm sure of it. He's been sweet on Miss Preston, meaning Mrs. Barnaby, for some time, and he was jealous of Charley."

"She never gave him any encouragement. She told me she didn't like him."

"Brown!" called an unpleasant voice at this juncture. "What are you doing away from your desk? Tom Jones, come here!"

It was Septimus Plotter who spoke. He appeared all at once to have become boss of the counting room. Timothy broke away and returned to his duties, while Tom, the errand boy, went to see what the second bookkeeper wanted of him.

"What were you two talking about?" demanded Plotter.

"Brown was just saying something, that's all," said Tom evasively.

"I want to know what it was."

"It was a private matter."

"Maybe he was telling you that Mr. Barnaby had discharged his son," said the bookkeeper maliciously, for he knew that his cousin and the errand boy were on very friendly terms.

"He did tell me that, for one thing," admitted Tom.

"I thought so. How does it strike you?" said Plotter, with a chuckle.

"I think it's too bad."

"Oh, you do, eh? Better go in and say that to Mr. Barnaby. He's in his office."

"Why should I?"

"Just to see what he'd say," with another chuckle. "Do you know why Charles Barnaby was bounced?"

"How should I, when I was out at the time?"

"I thought maybe Brown told you."

From the look in the bookkeeper's eyes Tom, who was a quick-witted lad, suspected that Plotter was trying to pump him and he replied guardedly:

"Probably he would, if he had known."

The bookkeeper looked disappointed.

"Well, he was discharged for cause," he said.

"I don't see what he could have done to have his father jump on him that way."

"A kid like you isn't expected to see. Now, look here, I want you to take this bill up to Samuel Jackson and get the money. Understand?"

Tom was surprised by the order, for it wasn't his duty to collect bills for the firm.

"Tell Jackson if he doesn't send his check in full we shall sue him for the money," continued

Plotter. "Don't take any guff from him. Understand?"

"Hadn't you better loan me a Gatling gun?" asked Tom dryly.

"What's that! What are you talking about?"

"Jackson. Parker told Charley Barnaby that Jackson said he would throw any collector out that called on him again about that bill."

"Never mind what Parker told Charles Barnaby. You do as I tell you."

"Very well," said Tom, "I'll tell him," and then he left the office.

CHAPTER II.—Tom Saves Miss Jackson.

Jackson's name and address were on the envelope and Tom had no difficulty in finding his place of business, which was the second floor of a Worth street building on the west side of Broadway. His office was at the head of the stairs. The upper glass half of the door bore the words, "Samuel Jackson, Commission Merchant."

Tom walked in and saw a big man seated at a desk. He was six feet tall and solidly constructed. If that was Mr. Jackson, thought Tom, he was certainly physically capable of doing things. He looked up at the boy's entrance.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked, in a sharp, direct tone.

"Are you Mr. Jackson?"

"That's my name."

"I'm from Barnaby & Sanderson. I was sent to collect this bill," said Tom.

Jackson uttered an exclamation of anger.

"Get out of here, or, by the Lord Harry, I'll throw you downstairs!" he roared.

"What for?" asked Tom coolly.

"For coming here with that bill."

"It was the second bookkeeper who sent me, and he directed me to tell you that if you didn't settle the firm would sue you."

"Sue me!" ejaculated the man, his eyes twinkling with anger. "Well, just you tell the second bookkeeper that Barnaby & Sanderson can go ahead and sue."

"Very well," said Tom, "I'll tell him," and then he left the office.

Tom walked up to Broadway and started to cross over. An uptown car came along and he waited for it to pass. It stopped on the crossing and a well-dressed young lady of about seventeen years got out with a suitcase in her hand. Instead of going toward the nearest curb, she turned about, facing toward Tom. At that moment a taxicab came rushing down alongside the car. As the girl started to cross the street the uptown car prevented her from seeing the oncoming taxicab until it was almost on her. With a warning cry, Tom darted across the path of the cab, seized and bore the girl back.

The suitcase fell out of the girl's hand, but the cab passed over it without touching it. Of course the young lady was greatly upset by her narrow escape from being run down by the taxicab.

"Don't be frightened, miss," said Tom. "You are all right now."

The incident had attracted some attention and a small crowd quickly gathered. This was embarrassing to the young lady, and the errand boy,

picking up the suitcase, led the girl to the sidewalk she had been aiming for.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said to Tom, in a low, agitated voice. "I believe you saved my life."

"You probably would have been run over if I hadn't acted quickly," he replied.

"It was very brave of you to save me. You might have been struck by the cab yourself."

"A miss is as good as a mile," smiled Tom.

"Really, I'm so excited and nervous that I can hardly go on."

"Where were you bound?"

"My father's office. It's down this street, near West Broadway."

"I'll accompany you there, if you like," said Tom.

"I don't like to trouble you."

"It's no trouble."

With the suitcase in his hand he went down the block with the young lady, who assured him that her gratitude was boundless, and that she was under great obligations to him for carrying her suitcase.

"This is the place," she said, stopping before the very building Tom had visited. "You must come up, for my father will wish to thank you."

"It isn't necessary for your father to thank me. I will carry your suitcase up, however, and save you that trouble. What floor is your father's place of business on?"

"The second. There's his sign."

She pointed at a name, and Tom was rather taken aback. It was Samuel Jackson, the commission man who had unceremoniously ordered him out of his office.

"Then you are Miss Jackson?" he said.

"Yes," she answered.

He said nothing more, but started up the stairs. When he reached the door he put the suitcase down. He had no desire to see Mr. Jackson again, even though he had done his daughter a big favor.

"Come in," said the girl, laying her hand on the knob.

"No, I'd rather not. I'm in a hurry," he said.

"My father will be disappointed at not having an opportunity to thank you. What is your name and where do you live?"

"My name is Tom Jones, and I'm employed by Barnaby & Sanderson. Your father knows the concern."

As he spoke, the door opened and Jackson appeared.

"Here's my father now," said the girl. "Oh, papa, I just had the narrow escape of my life. Only for this boy, whose name is Thomas Jones, I would have been run over by a taxicab."

"What's that? Run over by a taxicab?"

"Yes; at the corner of Broadway. I got off an uptown car, and as I started for the corner I didn't see the cab coming down the street, as the car stood in the way. This boy saw my danger and he rushed in front of the cab and pulled me out of its path. It was a plucky thing for him to do, and his conduct cannot be too highly praised."

"Young man, come here and let me thank you for your service to my daughter, and also to apologize for the way I treated you a while ago," said Jackson, holding out his hand.

"You needn't apologize, and your daughter is welcome to the service I rendered her," returned Tom.

"Come in and give me the chance to become better acquainted with you."

"You'll have to excuse me, as I must hurry back to the office."

"Well, if you must go, I suppose I shouldn't detain you, but I'm sorry you can't stop a while. I hope you will call on me in a day or two and let me have a talk with you."

"If I get the chance, I will," said Tom, who then shook hands with Miss Jackson and, bidding her good-by, hurried away.

"Well, did you get Jackson's check?" asked Plotter, when Tom walked into the counting room.

"No, I didn't," replied the errand boy.

"Why didn't you?"

"Because he wouldn't pay the bill."

"He wouldn't, eh? Did he say that?"

"I told him that you instructed me to tell him that if he didn't pay the bill the firm would sue him."

"What did he say to that?" grinned Plotter.

"He told me to tell you that Barnaby & Sanderson could go ahead and sue him."

"He didn't put you out himself?"

"No. He wouldn't do such a thing. I'll bet if I went back again he'd be so glad to see me he'd shake me by the hand, and maybe invite me to lunch with him if it was time to eat."

"Yes, I guess so," returned Plotter. "Well, go into Mr. Barnaby's room. He's got an errand for you to do."

The second bookkeeper turned away and Tom went in to see what the head of the house wanted him to do.

CHAPTER III.—The Fat Pocketbook.

Mr. Barnaby was a stern-looking, middle-aged man, with iron-gray hair and a short mustache of the same color. When Tom walked into his room Mr. Barnaby still showed traces of the unpleasant tilt he had had with his son and heir. He didn't look exactly mad, nor sour, but he seemed encased in an invisible armor of bristles.

"I want you to take this letter down to George Sedgwick. He's a lawyer, and his office is at 150 Broadway," said Barnaby.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, taking the note and leaving the room with it.

Tom delivered the letter at the lawyer's office and came back. As he was going upstairs he saw a pocketbook on the landing. It was a big fat one, but whether it was stuffed with money or papers could not be told without opening it, which Tom proceeded to do. He found it was full of bills, none of a lower denomination than \$5.

"Gee!" he muttered, "there's quite a wad here. I wonder who it belongs to?"

He counted the money and found that it amounted to \$5,600. One of the pockets was stuffed with business cards and various memoranda. Among the latter was a dentist's receipted bill for \$60, made out to William Jardine, No. — Wall street. Tom went into Mr. Barnaby's room, told him he had delivered his letter to the lawyer, and then showed him the pocketbook.

"Where did you get that?" asked the merchant, clearly surprised.

"On the landing outside just now."

"There's a lot of money here. We must find the owner."

"I guess it belongs to William Jardine, of No. — Wall street."

"How do you know?"

"By the dentist's bill made out in his name."

Mr. Barnaby found the bill and looked at it.

"You better go right up there and see Mr. Jardine. I'll count the money, and you must get him to identify his property before you show it to him. First ask him if he lost a pocketbook, and then ask him to describe what was in it as near as he can recollect. If he mentions the amount of money reasonably close, you'll know it belongs to him, and then you can give it to him. He's probably give you something for returning it."

Mr. Barnaby counted the money and mentioned the amount, though, of course, Tom knew what it was.

"Shall I go up there now, sir?" he said.

"Yes."

So Tom started for Wall street. It didn't take him long to reach Wall street from the neighborhood of Franklin street, where his office was. He easily found the building where Mr. Jardine had his office, and the directory showed him that it was on the third floor. He took an elevator up. The sign on the door showed that the gentleman was a stock broker. Tom walked in. It was about four o'clock and the waiting room was clear of callers. Tom went up to the cashier's window and asked for Mr. Jardine.

"Not in," was the reply.

"When do you think he'll be in?"

"He might come back before he goes home and he might not. It is very doubtful. What's your business?"

"It's nothing connected with the office."

"Call in the morning after half-past nine."

"I'll wait a few minutes and if he doesn't come in I'll call some time to-morrow," said the boy.

He took a seat and waited ten minutes. Mr. Jardine didn't come, so he returned to the office. He found that Mr. Barnaby had gone home. Tom, satisfied that the wallet would have to remain in his possession till the next day, figured on placing it in the safe, as it looked too much of a risk to carry so large a sum in cash as \$5,600 about with him.

But in order to get it into the safe he would have to hand it to Septimus Plotter, who was acting as cashier since the departure of Charley Barnaby. Having made up his mind, Tom took the pocketbook to Plotter and told him what it contained, told him the circumstances, saying that Mr. Barnaby knew about it, and asked him to put it in the safe overnight. The bookkeeper took it and opened it. When he saw the pile of bills his mouth watered.

"Did you find this on the street?" he asked.

"No, I didn't. Count the money and see that there is \$5,600. As Mr. Barnaby has counted it, you'll be responsible for that sum."

"Don't talk that way to me," said Plotter, as he started to count the bills.

He found the sum as Tom had stated, returned the money to the wallet, and placed it on a shelf

in the safe. When five o'clock came the books were put in the safe, which Plotter shut up, putting the key in his pocket. The office was then locked up and everybody went home.

CHAPTER IV.—The Looted Safe.

Tom lived in Brooklyn with his father and mother, and a brother and sister younger than himself. The family were in moderate circumstances, as Mr. Jones was only a collector for a subscription publishing house, and he seldom earned more than \$18 a week, and quite often only brought home \$15. A cheap flat was the best the family could afford, for living expenses were on the rise all the time, and Tom's mother had to use rigid economy to make ends meet. She was a good housekeeper, and made a dollar go as far as any woman could. When Tom got home he told his folks at the supper table about what had happened at the office that afternoon.

While Tom was telling all the news, Septimus Plotter was dining at his boarding house on a side street off Broadway in the theater district. Plotter was a gay boy, in his way, and would have been a high roller if he had been able to afford the luxury. He spent his nights either on Broadway, in the vicinity of Times Square, or in one of the many gilded saloons or billiard parlors of the district. He traveled with a pretty fast set, and he managed to keep pace with the others by putting up a good bluff and winning extra money at card playing. He wasn't actually an expert gamester, but he was better at the game than those he found to play with. Within the last fortnight, however, his luck had deserted him and ran with a sporty, black-eyed chap, who was a professional gambler, but posed as the buyer for a Southern millinery house.

He already held I O U's from Plotter for several hundred dollars which he had made no attempt to collect as yet. Plotter was getting nervous over his losses, and that fact did not improve his ability to cope with his wily opponent; in fact, it had the opposite effect. After supper that evening Plotter met the gambler in the same little back room at a certain cafe and resumed his effort to win back his money. When they quit at eleven the bookkeeper was still deeper in the mire. Then the gambler suggested that he liquidate some of the paper.

"Can't do it, Temple. I'm strapped till Saturday, when I get paid, and then I'll let you have \$10 on account."

"Sorry I can't accept your terms, but as I'm going away in a day or two, I must have a settlement in full by to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night—impossible!"

"Then I'll have to call and see your boss."

The sporty man got up and walked out into the barroom, leaving the bookkeeper in a state bordering on a panic, for he knew well enough what would happen to him if the sporty man called on Mr. Barnaby and showed him his I O U's for \$505. Plotter knew he would be immediately dumped out of his advancement in short order, and maybe discharged altogether from the office. He had schemed so long to get the position now within his grasp that the thought of losing it

made him wild. At that stage of his reflections the pocketbook in the office safe, with the \$5,600, occurred to him.

He couldn't touch any of that money, however, without getting in trouble, for he had counted it in the errand boy's presence, and admitted there was \$5,600 in it. Besides, Tom had told him that Mr. Barnaby had counted the money, too.

Tom was the first to reach the office in the morning. In former days it would have been his duty to get there early enough to sweep up and dust the desks and other furniture. Now the janitor of the building or his assistant attended to that work, generally the night before, and all Tom had to do was to fill the inkstands and mucilage bottles, see that there was water in the tray on the copying press stand, take the letters and papers he found on the floor inside the door into Mr. Barnaby's room and lay them on the sliding panel of his desk, and attend to any other little matter expected of him.

As the office opened for business at nine, Tom did not have to get there before half-past eight. On the following morning Tom unlocked the door, picked up the mail, a good-sized pile, and carried it into Mr. Barnaby's room, where he singled out several letters addressed personally to Mr. Sanderson, which he took into that gentleman's office. When he came out he saw a young lady standing outside the counting room fence. Tom walked to the railing and she came toward him.

"I'm a stenographer," she said. "I was sent here from — Typewriter Company on trial."

"Take a seat, miss. You'll have to wait till Mr. Barnaby comes down. He'll be here in about three-quarters of an hour," said Tom.

The girl sat down and Tom turned his attention to the inkstands. He didn't get any further than the desk formerly occupied by Charley Barnaby, which was alongside of the big safe, when he saw a sight that caused him to stop and give a gasp of consternation. The door of the safe stood open, and papers and books were scattered on the floor. The general appearance of things was that burglars had been at work there.

"My!" exclaimed Tom. "The safe has been looted by crooks."

He rushed up to it and looked into it. His first thought was the pocketbook, but there was no sign of it on the shelf where Plotter had placed it. The cash drawer had not been forced, a fact the boy wondered at. Then he looked at the door of the safe expecting to find it drilled and the tumblers all out of place, possibly with the lock blown off by a charge of dynamite or gunpowder; but nothing of the kind was apparent. The door had been opened by the use of the combination—a fact that appeared to be inexplicable in the case of burglars. While Tom was gazing at the state of things, Timothy Brown came in.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "What's this?"

"Looks as if burglars had been here," said Tom, "but the safe door hasn't been forced. Whoever opened it had the combination."

Brown looked at the safe closely.

"This isn't the work of burglars," he said. "The cash drawer hasn't been touched. None of the drawers has been rifled, in fact. Doesn't seem to me that anything of value has been taken."

Finally Septimus Plotter entered, ten minutes later than usual.

"Now for an explosion!" said Brown to Tom.

CHAPTER V.—Tom Shadows Plotter.

Plotter could not help seeing the office force gathered around the open safe.

"Hello!" he cried. "What's this?"

Almost the same expression which had been uttered by Timothy Brown.

"Look for yourself," said Brown.

"What!—a burglary committed here?" said Plotter.

"If it's a burglary, the thief made a good guess at the combination, for he opened the door as easily as though accustomed to do that right along," said Brown. "I don't see that anything is missing except the pocketbook containing \$5,600 which Tom says he gave you yesterday afternoon to put in the safe."

"Is that gone?" said Plotter, with a flush.

"Yes, it's gone," put in the errand boy, "unless you can find it."

"I put it on that shelf," said Plotter.

"That's where I saw you put it," said Tom. "It isn't there now."

"Then the burglars have taken it," said the bookkeeper.

"Mr. Barnaby will want to know how the safe came to have been opened on the combination," said Tom, beginning to feel a strong suspicion against Plotter. "Such a thing never happened while Charley Barnaby was in charge of it."

"Why, you young cub, do you mean to insinuate that I had anything to do with the present state of the safe?" roared the bookkeeper.

"I don't say you had, but it's funny that nothing is gone but the pocketbook."

"I don't want to hear anything more from you!" snarled Plotter. "Go and attend to your work."

The office was running in its usual shape when Mr. Barnaby arrived thirty minutes later. Tom told him that there was a stenographer outside waiting to see him.

"Send her in," said the merchant.

Tom did so, and the girl was engaged on trial. Then the errand boy, getting ahead of Plotter, reported the condition he had found the safe in that morning.

"There appears to be nothing stolen except that pocketbook I found with the \$5,600 in it," he said.

"I thought you went up to Wall street yesterday afternoon to return it to its owner?" said Mr. Barnaby.

"So I did, but Mr. Jardine was not there, and as I couldn't leave it until it had been identified by the broker as his property, I brought it back. As I didn't care to take the risk of carrying it home with me, I handed it to Mr. Plotter and asked him to lock it up in the safe overnight, which he did. Now it's gone."

"Send my nephew in here," said the merchant.

Tom was saved that trouble, for Plotter was already at the door. The errand boy wondered if he had been trying to hear what he said to the boss.

"Mr. Barnaby wants to see you," said Tom, as he passed him.

Plotter was closeted with the head of the house for some time, and he didn't look pleasant when he returned to his desk. Mr. Barnaby came out and looked at the safe himself, and he questioned Tom as to the exact looks of things when he arrived. When he returned to his room he telephoned for a detective. Tom was out when the detective came and examined the safe. He waited till the errand boy got back and proceeded to question him. Tom then learned that Plotter had indirectly accused Charley Barnaby as being the possible guilty safe thief.

"Did Plotter insinuate such a thing?" asked Tom indignantly.

"Well," said the sleuth guardedly, "he said that young Barnaby, who it appears was summarily discharged yesterday afternoon, having been cashier for some time, was the only person, besides himself and the firm, acquainted with the combination of the safe, which had not yet been changed, as it usually is when a new cashier takes charge."

"That was an insinuation," said the errand boy. "If you want to know my opinion, I think Plotter came down here last night, or early this morning, and took that pocketbook himself, and then left things looking as if safe robbers had been on the job."

"What makes you think that?"

"That's just my private opinion."

"You don't like this Plotter, then?"

"No, I don't, and I doubt if anybody else in the counting room likes him, either. I have it on pretty good authority that he was the cause of Charley Barnaby's discharge."

After a few more questions, the detective departed. Nothing more was said about the robbery of the safe, though the clerks probably talked the matter over between themselves. Before leaving, the sleuth found out the address of Septimus Plotter.

When Plotter left his boarding house that evening to meet Temple, the gambler, Tom was on the other side of the street on the watch for him. The boy figured that if Plotter had the money he would start in to have a good time with some of it, and he determined to shadow him around to see if he could find out anything that could be used against the bookkeeper. He followed Plotter to the gilded cafe and saw him meet Temple. The two men then went through a back passage to the card room. Tom was close at their heels and noted the room. Then he placed himself at the keyhole and looked into the card room.

The men seated themselves at a small card table, and Tom's heart gave a jump when he saw the bookkeeper pull a roll of bills out of his pocket, and skinning several from the back of it, hand them to his companion. Under the glare of the electric bulb Tom saw that one of the bills was mended with a strip of red paper.

"That settles it!" he muttered. "Plotter stole the pocketbook!"

At that moment a hand was laid on his shoulder.

CHAPTER VI.—Plotter in the Toils.

Tom started up, with the feeling one experiences when caught doing something he hadn't

ought to. His eyes rested on a man with a Van Dyck beard, attired in evening clothes, with a light coat on his arm. The stranger put his finger to his lips and motioned Tom aside.

"You don't know me," he said, with a slight smile.

"No, sir. I never saw you before," answered the errand boy.

"And yet," said the man, stroking his short beard, "I talked to you half an hour this morning at your office."

"Are you the detective?" asked Tom, a light breaking across his brain.

"Hush! Not so loud. Yes, I am. And I see you are doing a little detective work on your own account. What have you learned?"

"Nothing more than I expected."

"And that is——"

"Plotter stole the pocketbook from the office safe."

"What evidence have you got to prove it?"

Tom told him what he had just seen in the card room.

"You're a sharp boy. So Temple has the mended bill in his possession?"

"Temple! Is that the name of the man he's with?"

"It is—he's a well-known Tenderloin gambler, somewhat disguised for some purpose."

"Yes, he's got the bill. Plotter evidently owed him money and has settled up."

"You are sure that you identified the bill?"

"As well as I could be expected to do at a distance of several feet."

"Take another look and see what they're doing, though I can guess."

Tom did so, and reported that they were playing cards for money.

"Come with me," said the detective.

They went outside into the bar room and took seats at a small table. A waiter came up.

"What will you take, young man?" said the sleuth.

"I don't drink," replied Tom.

"I'll order a soda for you," and he did, with a drink for himself.

The waiter brought them, and as the detective handed him the money he said:

"There's a man named Temple in the card room. Will you go there and tell him that a gentleman out here would like to see him for a moment?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, pocketing his tip and starting on his errand.

In a few minutes he returned, with the gambler, to whom he pointed out the detective. Temple didn't recognize him as any one he knew, and asked the waiter if he hadn't made a mistake.

"No, sir; that's the gentleman who sent the message."

Temple walked up to the sleuth.

"My name is Temple. Did you wish to see me?" he said.

"Yes," replied the detective. "You have a friend in the card room, I believe?"

"Yes."

"His name is Plotter."

"It is."

"He just paid you some money. You will oblige me by letting me see the bills."

"What the——"

"I'm a detective. My name is Flynn. I have

a particular reason for wishing to see the money that Plotter paid you."

The gambler hesitated, and then pulled out the bills and dropped them on the table. The detective picked the wad up and straightened it out. There were two \$100 bills and the rest were \$20, \$10, and \$5's. One of the former was mended with a piece of red paper on which was stamped the name of a firm. Flynn tossed that bill to the errand boy.

"Do you recognize it?" he said.

"I do. That was in the pocketbook."

"Very good. Mr. Temple, I shall have to retain these notes. It is stolen money."

"Stolen money!" exclaimed the gambler.

"Precisely. I shall not arrest your friend Plotter."

He got up and motioned Tom to follow him. They proceeded to the card room, where they found Plotter impatiently waiting for Temple to come back.

"Mr. Plotter, you will accompany me to the station house," said Officer Flynn.

"What do you mean?" gasped the bookkeeper, turning pale. "Who are you?"

"I am Detective Flynn, who had a conversation with you at your office this morning. I have obtained evidence which points to you as the person who opened the office safe at your place of business, some time between five o'clock yesterday afternoon and eight this morning."

"Who accuses me of such a thing?" cried the bookkeeper angrily.

"I do, Mr. Plotter!" said Tom, stepping forward.

"Why, you confounded young——"

"That will do, Mr. Plotter," said the sleuth sharply. "You are under arrest. Come with me, please."

"Do you mean to say that you are arresting me on that boy's word?"

"No, not wholly. I have secured a bit of real evidence which you will have the opportunity in due time to explain away—if you can. Come, we are wasting time."

Plotter protested that it was a great outrage, glared savagely at Tom, for whom he threatened to make things hot, and went along with the detective. At the station house the detective made the charge and the bookkeeper was locked up in spite of his protestations. He sent a note to Mr. Barnaby, explaining his situation and asking him to bail him out. His uncle didn't get it till he got home from his club, after eleven, then he called a cab and rode to the station house. He had an interview with Plotter, who said that the detective employed on the case had arrested him that evening on some alleged evidence which he had refused to disclose.

"I don't see how the man could make such an outrageous blunder, for it is quite impossible for him to connect me with the safe matter. I believe that Tom Jones, our office boy, is at the bottom of it. He dislikes me, and he wants to fasten the loss of the pocketbook on me if he can. I hope you will get me bailed out to-night, for this station house is a disgusting place for a chap not accustomed to such surroundings to be locked up in," said Plotter.

Mr. Barnaby went away and called at the home of a judge he was acquainted with. His Honor

accepted the merchant as a bondsman in \$1,000, after he had telephoned the station house for particulars, and Mr. Barnaby returned with the order for his nephew's release. Plotter thanked his uncle and was shortly afterward set down at his boarding house, when he learned that Detective Flynn had been there with a search warrant, and had gone through his room.

Timothy Brown usually came to the office a little before nine, being the first of the office force to get there. Tom was through with his preliminary duties when Timothy appeared next morning.

"I've got news for you, Timothy," he said.

"What is it?" asked Brown, as he started to change his coat for his light office jacket.

Tom then told of the arrest of Plotter and all the circumstances.

"Serves him right. That will settle his hash in this office. Charley Barnaby will be taken back and things will go on as they did before the trouble," said Brown.

"Don't be too sure of that, you confounded sneak!" hissed a voice behind them.

Tom and the entry clerk gave a start and wheeled about. Behind them stood Septimus Plotter, his face convulsed with rage.

CHAPTER VII.—A Hot Time at the Office.

"How did you get out of jail?" said Tom, quickly recovering his nerve.

"None of your business, you young cub! You put me in a lot of trouble last night, but I'm going to get square with you for it, mark my words!" said Plotter.

"You'll have enough to do trying to square yourself for the theft of the pocketbook without worrying about me," returned the errand boy. "You won't last very long when Mr. Barnaby finds out the facts of the case. You made the mistake of your life in working that bogus burglary dodge. Thought you'd throw suspicion on your cousin Charley, didn't you? You are a cuckoo, you are!"

Tom's words drove Plotter half wild with passion. He raised his clenched fist and struck at the boy with all his might. The errand boy saw it coming and dodged as well as he could, but he caught a part of the blow and was sent staggering back. The bookkeeper sprang after him to follow it up, his eyes blazing with a vengeful light. Timothy grabbed him by the arm and held him back. But only for a moment. Plotter swung an uppercut at him which sent the entry clerk spinning just as the other clerks came in and were astonished at the rumpus.

Brown's interference gave Tom the chance to recover himself, and when the bookkeeper sprang for him again he was ready to defend himself. He sidestepped Plotter's vicious swipe and struck out himself, catching the man under the eye with his right. The ring Tom wore on his third finger cut a slight gash under the bookkeeper's eye, and this infuriated the man still more. He rushed and, seizing the boy by the throat with both hands pressed him over the copying press and proceeded to choke him. In his present state of mind he would assuredly have finished the errand boy then and there, for his rage made him as

strong as a horse, had not Brown rushed to his friend's aid and shouted to the other clerks to help him. The three had all they could do to pull the bookkeeper from his victim. As it was, Tom was so badly done up that he dropped to the floor, unconscious.

That was the condition of things when the new stenographer came in, and she stopped short in great alarm. Plotter struggled desperately with the three employees, but they got him down on the floor and held him there till he grew less violent. Then Brown rushed to the cooler, got a glass of water and threw it in Tom's face, following it up with sundry efforts to bring the boy to his senses, which ultimately succeeded. The presence of the girl had a quieting effect on the bookkeeper. When the two clerks let go of him he got up and went to his desk.

It was some minutes before he could control himself so as to open the safe, and it took him as long to manipulate the combination. Finally he got the safe open and took out the books. The clerks got theirs without a word, and carried them to their desks. In the meanwhile Brown was attending to Tom.

"How do you feel now?" Brown asked Tom.

"Better. I'll be all right presently. My, I thought he meant to murder me," said the boy.

"He would have finished you but for the three of us. We had the time of our lives pulling you apart. The marks of his fingers are plainly visible on your throat yet. He was crazy mad. All he thought about was revenging himself on you. He's done in this office, and he knows it. That's what's the matter with him."

As soon as Mr. Barnaby arrived, Tom went in to tell him the news.

"I know all about it," said the merchant, cutting the boy short. "How came you to accuse my nephew of the safe robbery?"

"Because I had the proof against him."

"What proof?"

"There were two \$100 bills in the pocketbook and one of them was mended with a strip of red paper. I saw him pay both bills, with six \$50's, to a gambler named Temple. He must have owed him the money, or he wouldn't have passed it to him."

"You say he paid the money to a gambler?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know the man was a gambler?"

"Detective Flynn knows the man. He told me that his name was Temple, and that he was a notorious Tenderloin gambler and sport."

All this was news to the merchant, as Plotter had said nothing to him about it.

"Have you any reason to believe that my nephew plays cards for money?"

"He was playing cards with Temple last evening in a small room back of the barroom in Jackson's cafe on — street, near Times Square."

"Did you see him yourself?"

"I did. I looked through the keyhole at them."

"What brought you there?" asked Mr. Barnaby severely.

"I was shadowing Mr. Plotter."

"Shadowing him! What do you mean?"

"Watching him."

"Why were you doing that?"

"To get evidence against him. I was pretty

certain that he was guilty of the fake safe robbery in your office."

"Why should you suspect him?"

Tom gave his reasons, one of which was his belief that Plotter hoped to throw the guilt of the act on Charley Barnaby.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the merchant impatiently, in reply to Tom's statement. "Septimus would not injure my son in the least. He would help him if he could."

"Then you believe your nephew is innocent of the charge?" said Tom, somewhat disconcerted by the attitude of his employer.

"Most assuredly I do."

"In spite of the fact that he had possession of the mended \$100 bill that was in the pocketbook I found and which you noticed when you counted the money?"

"I admit that that is suspicious, but it is by no means conclusive. The \$100 mended bill that was in the pocketbook is not necessarily the only mended bill of that denomination in circulation. It is probably simply a coincidence that Septimus should have such a one in his possession. Had the pocketbook or even \$5,600 in bills of similar denomination to those contained in the wallet been found on him, the case would wear a different complexion; but no such thing has happened. My nephew told me that he had about \$600 in his pocket when he went to that cafe to meet a friend he had promised to loan \$500 to. Unless it can be proved that the money in question was actually a part of the money that was in the pocketbook, no case can be made out against Septimus."

"That's all right, sir, but I have an idea that the pocketbook and the rest of the money will be produced in court this morning."

"What grounds have you for believing it will?" said the merchant testily.

"When I left the detective, he was going after a search warrant to search your nephew's room and effects."

"A most outrageous proceeding," said the merchant angrily.

"You will think differently, sir, if the pocketbook and money were found in your nephew's room."

"And if the search produces nothing, what then? Think of the position such a proceeding will place Septimus in; and it will be all your fault."

"I am ready to take the blame, if there is any, for it."

"Well, we shall see. It is after ten now. I expect my lawyer here any moment. As soon as he comes we will go right up to the court. I shall stand back of Septimus until his guilt is clearly proved. That, in my opinion, never will happen."

The merchant turned to his desk and Tom went into the counting room. Ten minutes later the lawyer appeared, and Tom showed him into Mr. Barnaby's room. Presently the senior partner's bell rang and Tom answered it.

"Tell Mr. Plotter that I wish to see him," said Mr. Barnaby.

The errand boy delivered the message to the bookkeeper, and Plotter obeyed the summons, though he looked rather shaky. Tom took advantage of his absence from the room to tell

Timothy about his conversation with the boss. Brown looked serious over it.

"I'm afraid things may not come out as we expected," he said.

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"Because I don't believe there is evidence enough against Plotter for the magistrate to hold him. Everything depends on the result of the search made by Detective Flynn in Plotter's room. If he failed to find the pocketbook and the balance of the money, I don't see how you're going to prove that the \$600 Plotter admits having last evening is part of the money that was in the pocketbook."

"Isn't the mended bill evidence enough?"

"No, it isn't, unless you can get Broker Jardine to identify it also. Plotter's denial will offset your statement. You need corroborative evidence to back you up."

At that moment Mr. Barnaby's bell rang again. When Tom responded he was told to get his hat and accompany the party to the Jefferson Market Police Court, where the case was to be disposed of.

CHAPTER VIII.—At the Police Court.

On the arrival of the party at the court, Plotter was surrendered to the proper official, and in a short time he was called to the bar. The charge was read and he pleaded not guilty. Tom was called to the witness chair. He told his story, but was frequently interrupted by objections raised by the lawyer, most of which were sustained by the magistrate. When he had concluded the lawyer began to cross examine him.

"You are the errand boy at the office of Barnaby & Sanderson, where the safe was robbed, aren't you?" he said.

"I am," answered Tom promptly.

"How long have you been employed there?"

"About three years."

"The accused is also employed there as a bookkeeper?"

"Yes," assented the boy.

"Are you and he on good terms?"

"We are not," replied Tom.

The lawyer had gained his first point.

"You found the pocketbook which you have accused Mr. Plotter of taking from the safe after he had placed it there at your request?"

"Yes."

"It contained a sum of money in bills, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Tom, nodding his head.

"Did you count it?"

"I did; so did Mr. Barnaby and Mr. Plotter, too."

"What did it amount to?"

"Five thousand six hundred dollars."

"Can you describe the denomination of the bills?"

"There were twenty \$5 ones, ten \$10, ten \$20, twenty \$50, two \$100, and eight \$500."

"You appear to have a good memory, young man."

"I wrote them down on a slip of paper."

"Why did you take that trouble?"

"I had my reasons."

"State them, please!" said the lawyer sharply.

"After failing to find Mr. Jardine, whom I believe is the owner of the pocketbook and its contents, at his office, I brought it back to our office. As I did not think it safe to carry so much money home with me, I decided to put the pocketbook in the office safe. To do this I had to turn it over to Mr. Plotter, who, since the discharge of Charley Barnaby, had charge of the safe. I had no confidence in Mr. Plotter, so I thought I had better take an exact list of the bills before giving him the wallet to put in the safe overnight."

"Then you even suspected the honesty of the accused before the pocketbook was stolen from the safe?"

"I had no confidence in him."

"In your testimony you stated that one of the \$100 bills was mended with a slip of red paper."

"That's right."

"Which was stamped with the name of a firm?"

"Yes, sir," the boy answered quietly.

"You took particular note of that fact?"

"I did," said Tom.

"From your testimony it appears that after the robbery of the safe you at once made up your mind that the prisoner had taken the pocketbook, and, though you knew that the case had been placed in the hands of an experienced detective, you determined to take a hand in it yourself. So you went to the boarding house where the accused lived, waited for him to come out, then followed him into Jackson's cafe, watched him enter the card room, planted yourself at the keyhole and saw the accused hand to his companion several bills, one of which you saw was mended with a piece of red paper. The mended bill was subsequently got from the man by Detective Flynn, who happened to be at the cafe at the same time you were there. He showed it to you and you identified it as the mended \$100 that was in the pocketbook. Now, young man, do you swear it was the same bill?"

"It was," said Tom positively.

"By the fact that it was mended with a slip of red paper?"

"Yes, and by the name of the firm stamped across the paper."

The lawyer bit his lip.

"That is all," he said.

The magistrate handed the mended bill to Tom and asked him if he identified it. The boy said he did.

"Can you identify any of the other bills?"

Tom could only say that they resembled similar bills that were in the pocketbook. He then left the chair.

"Your Honor," said Detective Flynn, "I searched the room of the accused, but I failed to find any further evidence against him. It is therefore absolutely necessary for me to make a case out of the money that the accused admitted at the station house as having been in his possession. With your Honor's permission I will place Mr. William Jardine on the stand. He is the presumed owner of the missing pocketbook and the money admitted to have been in it when found by Tom Jones."

The broker, a fine-looking, well-dressed man of forty, was sworn. He stated that he had lost a pocketbook containing \$5,600 in bills of the denomination described by the errand boy. He was

able to identify but two of them—the \$100 ones. After describing the mended one as Tom had done, he said the other bill had a torn corner and bore the signature of his cashier, Thomas Harley. The magistrate looked at the second \$100 bill and saw that what the witness said was so. He handed it to the lawyer.

The legal individual looked at it and was much disconcerted. This positive identification of the two bills admitted to have been in possession of the accused gave his client's defense a bad setback. It also fully established Mr. Jardine's ownership of the pocketbook and contents. The lawyer did not ask the broker any questions, and Mr. Jardine stepped down. The next witness was Temple, and he was a very unwilling one.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Jim Temple."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Isn't it a fact that you are a professional gambler?" asked the magistrate, after consulting a memorandum he held in his hand.

Temple finally admitted that he was.

"How long have you been acquainted with the accused?"

"Three or four weeks."

"The accused met you last evening at Jackson's cafe. Was it by appointment?"

"Yes," admitted Temple.

"You and he immediately went to the card room at the back of the barroom?"

"We did."

"And the accused handed you the sum of \$500?"

The gambler nodded. The witness hesitated, looked at Plotter, who shook his head, and then Temple said that the \$500 was a loan.

The detective passed a piece of paper to the magistrate, who, after reading it, asked Temple if he had given the accused a promissory note for the money. The gambler said he had not—that his word was as good as his bond, and that Plotter was willing to accept it in place of any writing.

"You swear, then, that the \$500 was a loan and not payment of a gambling debt?"

Temple nodded.

"But you've played cards with the accused for money stakes, haven't you?" said the magistrate, after the detective passed him another slip in Tom's handwriting.

"For small stakes, merely to make the game interesting."

"And you never won any considerable sum from the accused?"

"I never did."

"Do you want to ask the witness any questions?" the magistrate asked the legal gentleman.

"Were the notes you handed Detective Flynn the same that the accused loaned you?" asked the lawyer of the gambler.

"The same."

"Did you notice that one of them was mended with a slip of red paper?"

Temple wasn't sure that he had, and that ended his testimony.

"Your Honor, I move that the accused be discharged from custody on the ground that sufficient evidence has not been produced to show that

he ever had the pocketbook and its contents in his possession," said the lawyer.

"One moment," said the magistrate. "Plotter, take the chair."

The bookkeeper, looking very nervous, was duly sworn. After several questions had been put to him and answered, the magistrate said:

"Did you loan Temple that \$500, or did you give it to him in payment of gambling debts?"

"I loaned it to him," replied Plotter.

"Then you did not owe Temple any debts of honor?"

"No," said the bookkeeper nervously.

"You did not take the pocketbook from the safe and appropriate the money to your own use?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Will you tell me if these I O U's are in your handwriting, and if that is your signature at the bottom of them?" asked the magistrate, passing him several pieces of paper.

If a bomb had exploded under Plotter he could not have been more upset. He stared helplessly at the documents and his tongue refused to answer. They had been taken from him when he was searched at the police station and he had forgotten what had become of them. He finally admitted that the papers were in his handwriting and that the signatures were his.

"I will hold the accused in \$3,000 bail pending further investigations by the police. Next case," said the magistrate.

Mr. Barnaby's face was a study when the lawyer looked at him for instructions.

"I should like to see those I O U's," he said.

The lawyer got them from the magistrate and showed them to him. The merchant looked them over with an expression that gradually hardened.

"That's all, Mr. Gray," he said, returning them. "We will go now."

"Are you going to qualify on your nephew's bail bond?"

"No, sir," replied the merchant emphatically, and he started for the door, while Plotter was led off to a cell, conscious that he had been deserted by his uncle.

The I O U's had ruined him.

CHAPTER IX.—Charley and Mrs. Charley.

In the meanwhile the clerks at the office had been canvassing the prospects of Septimus Plotter. Timothy Brown was of the opinion that the magistrate would discharge him for lack of evidence, "unless," he said, "Detective Flynn found the pocketbook in his room; but I'm afraid Plotter is too smart to keep it in his possession. Doubtless he threw it down a sewer hole after taking the money out of it."

"But if the detective found \$5,000 in large bills in his trunk, that would look pretty black against him," said the bill clerk.

"Yes, but there is no use of us figuring on the matter. We'll learn how things went as soon as Tom gets back."

The clerks more than half expected to see Plotter return with Tom and the boss. Tom came in alone at one o'clock, after he had had his lunch. He was at once buttonholed by Brown and the bill clerk, the other two clerks being out to lunch.

"Well, how did things go?" asked Brown eagerly.

"Bad for Plotter. He's locked up to await further action on the part of the police," replied Tom.

"How about the pocketbook and the \$5,000?"

"The detective did not find either in Plotter's room."

"Then the mended bill was considered sufficiently suspicious for the judge to hold him?"

"Both of the \$100 bills were positively identified by Mr. Jardine, their owner."

"Then he was in court?"

"He was."

Tom then told all the facts of the case and explained that the production of the I O U's, proving that Plotter owed \$500 to the gambler, presumably for gambling debts, though denied by both Temple and Plotter under oath, had cooked his goose with his uncle.

"Mr. Barnaby has dropped him like a hot potato, and would not go on his bail bond, so Plotter had to go to a cell," said Tom. "He's in a pretty bad box now, but it is by no means certain that he'll come to trial for stealing the pocketbook from the safe. It is now up to Detective Flynn to trace the pocketbook and money to him, though Mr. Jardine's identification of the two bills makes it morally certain that Plotter is really guilty. I guess the magistrate took that view of it."

The two clerks were glad that Plotter's goose appeared to be cooked. He was not popular at the office, and his recent advancement had promised complications. They had hoped that Charley Barnaby would be reinstated. He was a fine fellow, and all hands liked him. The other clerks soon came in, and they greeted the news with satisfaction. Mr. Sanderson, being out of town, was ignorant of the present state of affairs, and as Charley was a great favorite with him, the clerks wondered what he would say when he found that he was out of the office.

That afternoon a letter addressed to Tom was delivered by the postman. When the errand boy opened it he found it was from Charley Barnaby. He and his wife had taken and furnished a small flat in Brooklyn, and he asked Tom to call on them. He also extended a general invitation to the rest of the office force.

"You have a new stenographer, of course," he wrote, "and I suppose my cousin has stepped into my shoes. I wish him luck, though he did serve me a mighty shabby trick; but that's his nature, so what's the use of kicking? I deeply deplore the break with my father, not on account of the loss of my position, for, thank goodness, there are more jobs than one in the world, and I'm not afraid to put my shoulder to the wheel. I've got the dearest little woman in the world for my wife, and we will face the world together, whether the skies are bright or look threatening. Now call on us as soon as you can do so, for I want to talk with you."

"Charley Barnaby."

Tom let Brown read the letter.

"That's just like Charley," he said. "Not a word of abuse for that rascally cousin of his. He even wishes him luck! That's more than I

could do, were I in his shoes. I'd feel like lying in wait for the sneak and putting it all over him, and Charley is well able to do that. Oh, well, Plotter is getting his, all right, and much sooner than I ever expected. If he wasn't a natural-born fool he would have acted differently. He played his cards well for a long time, and then when success was within his grasp he had to fall to the first temptation."

"I'm not a mind-reader," said Tom, "but it is my idea that the \$500 he owed the gambler was at the bottom of the business. He must have been crazy to lose such a sum at cards. Probably Temple threatened to expose him to his uncle if he didn't settle, and so, in a fit of desperation, he took the pocketbook, running all the risk of discovery."

"I guess you're right," nodded Timothy. "That would account for the foolish slip he made."

That evening Tom called on Charley and his bride. There wasn't a speck of gloom anywhere about their flat. Everything was new, bright and cheerful. And the silver-toned upright piano out of which Mrs. Charles could draw music like an expert, and even Charley himself could extract a few easy ragtime melodies, added more joyful cherubs to the cozy apartment.

The young couple treated Tom like a king, just as if he were president of a big bank instead of an errand boy on small wages. They liked him as much as Tom liked them, and there you are. Of course, they wanted to know how things were going on at the office.

"Swimmingly," said Tom. "Septimus Plotter lasted less than a full day in your shoes, Charley."

Husband and wife looked at each other in astonishment, and then at Tom.

"How is that?" asked Charley, with a puzzled look.

"Don't you read the New York papers?" asked the errand boy.

"To tell you the truth, Selina and myself have been too busy fitting up our little nest," with a fond look at his wife, which she returned, "to more than glance at one of the Brooklyn papers. But what has the New York papers got to do with my cousin?"

"When a fellow goes wrong in a way that gets him before the police court, they take a lot of interest in him. He then becomes news."

"Do you mean to say Septimus was arrested?"

"He certainly was."

"What for? He wasn't intoxicated, was he?" said Charley, thinking that his cousin, overjoyed at his advancement, had gone on a spree.

"No; he fell to another kind of temptation."

"What?"

"Robbed the office safe."

"What! Robbed the safe!" fairly gasped the merchant's son, while his wife nearly fainted.

"He didn't take any of the firm's money, but a pocketbook containing \$5,600—placed there overnight for safekeeping was missing."

"That's the truth, is it, Tom?" said Charley earnestly.

"So help me, Bob!" replied the errand boy.

"Well, that's what I call an unmitigated staggerer, in the words of Richard Swiveller," said Charley. "What do you think of it, sweetheart?"

"It seems incredible," replied Mrs. Charley.

"When I have explained all the facts, maybe you'll understand it clearer," said Tom, who thereupon told the whole story up to the culmination of the case in the Jefferson Market Police Court.

"What a foolish man!" said Selina.

"He has evidently killed himself with my father," said Charley. "The old gentleman entertains a holy horror of gambling in any shape, and I know he would not tolerate it in any one who works at the office."

"I guess he hasn't a remote chance of getting back, even if he should escape the charge hanging over his head. I hope your father will now take you back."

Charley shook his head.

"You don't know him," he said. "He's awfully sore on me for tying up with Selina. He told me I had not only disappointed him in all his plans, but I had contracted what he is pleased to call a mesalliance—just as if Selina isn't every bit as good as the young ladies who have never been obliged to work for their living."

"She's a whole lot better than lots of them, in my opinion," said Tom stoutly.

"Thank you, Tom. I might expect that of you," said Mrs. Charley sweetly, beaming on the errand boy.

"Shake!" laughed Charley, and they shook hands over it.

"If you don't return to the office, what are you going to do?" asked Tom.

"I shall look for a position to-morrow among the wholesale houses."

"Shall you refer to your father?"

"Why not? He won't try to hurt my chances for work, whatever his feelings are toward me."

"Sanderson will have a fit when he comes back and finds you out. Your father doubtless will tell him the truth, and he's sure to put up a stiff remonstrance."

"That won't do me any good as long as my father is in his present frame of mind."

Charley now suggested a little music for a change, and Selina went to the piano and played two or three pieces. Then she sang a song and Charley came in with the chorus. Charley himself varied the program by singing a popular air to his own accompaniment. Then Tom was persuaded to oblige, which he did to the best of his vocal ability. After that Mrs. Charley brought in some lemonade and cake and shortly afterward the errand boy took his leave.

CHAPTER X.—Tom Proves Himself Lucky.

As there was no immediate chance of Septimus Plotter returning to his room at his boarding house, the landlady concluded to remove his things to a storeroom on the top floor and rent the room to somebody else. Tom had seen Detective Flynn and asked him if he had made a thorough search of the bookkeeper's effects for the pocketbook or the \$5,000.

"I went over everything carefully, but there wasn't a sign of it either in his trunk or suitcase, which I had a locksmith open. Nor among his traps in the bureau, either, or his clothes in the closet," replied the detective.

"I wonder where he could have hidden the wal-

let, or, if he threw that away, the money? He had no chance to put it in a bank, so he must have hidden it somewhere. Suppose we go to his boarding house after I'm through work and make another search?"

"I'm afraid it's not worth while; but I'll do it to make sure," said Flynn.

"Where shall I meet you at half-past five?"

The detective mentioned a prominent spot uptown in the Tenderloin, and Tom said he would be there. He was on time and found Flynn waiting for him. They went to the boarding house. The detective told the landlady they had come to make another search of Plotter's effects.

"I've just had them removed to the storeroom and the room cleaned up," she replied.

"Well, can we overhaul them there?" asked Flynn, who had the keys used by the locksmith.

"I suppose you can," said the landlady, "but I thought you made a thorough search three nights ago."

"Such was my idea, but I might have overlooked something. There is a considerable sum of money missing, and it is possible that Plotter sewed it up in one of his garments."

"I'll call the servant and have you shown to the storeroom."

"What floor was Plotter's room on?" asked Tom as they followed the maid up.

"The third," she answered.

"We'll take a look at the room first."

"It's been cleaned up and there's nothing but the furniture in it now."

"I'd like to look at it, just the same."

The maid took them to the room and they went in. Every piece of furniture was carefully examined, but with no result. As they were about to leave, Tom noticed that the bed was an iron one, painted white, with brass fixings. He took hold of one of the brass balls on the top of the outside post at the head of the bed. It fitted in a long socket by means of an iron pin. These balls were usually held firm by means of packing. The ball felt a bit loose to his touch, and Tom pulled it out of the socket. As he did so the packing came with it part way. One glance showed the boy that it was not the regulation packing, but money.

He grabbed it with his fingers and removed it from the socket. Replacing the ball, he opened the roll and saw that the first bill was a \$500 one.

"Here's the missing money, Mr. Flynn," he said, showing the wad.

The detective uttered an ejaculation of surprise. Tom ran over the bills and found eight \$500 and twenty \$50, making just the sum they were looking for—\$5,000. The police had charge of the \$600, so now the whole amount was recovered, and the guilt was positively fastened on Plotter.

"We've found what we came after," said Flynn to the maid, "so we won't want to go up to the storeroom."

"This discovery will enable the grand jury to return an indictment against Mr. Plotter," said Tom, when they got outside.

"Yes; the discovery of this money in Plotter's room will clinch the case against him," replied Flynn. "How came you to look in the bedpost for it?"

"I know how those iron beds with brass trim-

mings are made, and it struck me that if I wanted to hide a small roll of bills, that's where I'd put it."

Tom accompanied the detective to the Tenderloin police station, where the money was turned in with the sleuth's report.

"You're a clever boy, Jones," said Flynn. "I wouldn't mind having you for a pupil. I'd soon make a capital detective out of you."

"I have no ambition to become a detective," said the errand boy.

"Well, you've got the makings of one in you."

Next morning Tom reported to Brown his discovery of the missing \$5,000, and Timothy declared he was as smart as half of the detectives. When Mr. Barnaby arrived, Tom lost no time in acquainting him with the facts. He received the news passively, as if it had little interest for him. The errand boy got permission to run up and see Broker Jardine. The trader was in his office, and Tom was at once admitted.

"Glad to see you, Jones! This is the first chance I've had to thank you for finding my pocketbook and making an effort to return it to me. That I am still out my money, with a doubtful chance of ever getting it, is not your fault, and I do not hold you accountable for it."

"Thank you, Mr. Jardine. I called to tell you that you are now certain of getting all your money back," said Tom.

"Has the \$5,000 turned up?" asked the broker.

"Yes. I discovered it myself yesterday afternoon."

Thereupon, Tom told him how he and the detective went to Plotter's boarding house to search his effects again, and how he (Tom) lighted on the spot where the money was hidden. Mr. Jardine complimented him on his shrewdness and assured him that when he got the money from the authorities he would make it all right with him.

Mr. Sanderson was much surprised to find a new head bookkeeper and cashier in the counting room, as well as a new stenographer, when he returned, and he wanted to know how this had come about. Mr. Barnaby explained matters. Sanderson made no bones about telling him that he had treated his son unfairly.

"I disagree with you, Mr. Sanderson," replied the senior partner. "I consider that my son treated me unfairly, and has also ruined his chances of making an alliance suitable to his station in life. Whether I shall ultimately forgive him for his conduct is a matter I cannot consider now. For the present, at least, I am done with him. He has made his bed; let him lie on it."

That settled the matter, for the merchant refused to hold any further argument on the subject. On the day after Tom visited Mr. Jardine he was returning from an errand when he saw a glittering object in the gutter. He stooped and picked it up.

"Well, I'll be blessed if it isn't a diamond watch charm!" he exclaimed.

It looked to be very valuable, for it was studded all over with half and quarter-carat diamonds, placed around a single five-carat stone, alternately. The whole was surrounded by a circled chip rubies. The charm itself was of pure gold, star shaped, and each of the five points bore a sizable garnet surrounded by chip diamonds.

It had been attached to the wearer's watch chain by a steel ring. This ring had in some way got loose from the chain, and that is how the owner came to lose it. When Tom got back to the office he showed his prize to Brown.

"Upon my word, you're a lucky errand boy," said Timothy. "First you find a pocketbook with a large sum of money in it, and now you pick up a watch charm that is worth a bunch of money. Only a wealthy man could afford to wear such a valuable charm as that. I should say it must have cost at least a thousand dollars. The next time you go up Maiden Lane way, drop into one of the jewelry places and have it valued in a general way."

"I will," said Tom. "It is sure to be advertised and I must watch the newspapers. Fortunately, we take all the important ones here."

"You ought to get \$100 for restoring that to the owner."

"I hope I will. I agree with you that it's worth it, and that the charm is a very valuable one."

"I wish I had your luck," said Timothy, turning to his work again.

That afternoon, about one, a Wall Street messenger called at the office and asked for Tom. The errand boy came forward and asked what he wanted.

"Here's a note for you from Mr. Jardine," said the messenger.

Tom opened it and found a request from the broker to call on him that afternoon about four o'clock if he could make it convenient to do so.

"Wait a moment," said Tom to the messenger.

He went to Mr. Barnaby's room and showed him the note.

"You can call on the gentleman at the hour stated," said the merchant, so Tom told the messenger to report to his employer that he would be on hand at about four o'clock.

At that hour Tom entered the broker's office and was shown into his private room.

"Take a seat," said Mr. Jardine. "The police department has returned me all the money, excepting the mended bill and the one with my cashier's signature on, on my affidavit that the money is mine. In the paper I had to describe the denominations of the bills returned to me and swear they were the ones I had lost. Now, as it was practically through you that I have got my money back, I propose to give you a little present as an evidence of my appreciation of your honesty."

With those words the broker handed Tom five \$100 bills.

"That's too much, sir," said Tom. "One of those will be enough."

"Not at all. In nine cases out of ten I never would have seen that money again. Five thousand six hundred dollars in cash would be a big temptation to the majority of people. I know it, for I have had many evidences of the fact during my experience. I can easily afford the pleasure of giving you a reward commensurate with the service you have rendered me. It is a little less than ten per cent. of the total sum, and it will be a nest-egg for your future."

Tom thanked him and accepted the money. Then he told Mr. Jardine about the watch charm

he had found that morning, and showed it to him.

"That's a very valuable trinket," said the broker, examining it with a good deal of interest. "It is sure to be advertised for. Watch the best morning dailies. I have no doubt that a good-sized reward will be offered for it."

"That will be no great trouble, as we take four of the morning papers at our office," said Tom.

"You appear to be very fortunate in finding valuable articles that have been lost," smiled the broker.

"It seems so. They call me a lucky errand boy at the office."

Tom then got up and said he had to get back to his duties, so Mr. Jardine shook hands with him and he left. The first thing he did next morning on reaching the office, after laying the mail on Mr. Barnaby's desk, was to consult the Lost and Found column of the principal morning dailies. The first advertisement under the heading was for the charm, giving a general description of it, and offering \$1,000 reward for its return to John Tyson, No. — Exchange place, and no questions would be asked.

The size of the reward rather staggered Tom, for it showed that the charm must be worth a great deal more than he and Timothy had estimated it at. Then there were doubtless other reasons why the owner was anxious to recover it.

"My, if I get a thousand dollars for restoring that charm, I shall be the luckiest errand boy in the city, if not in the whole country," he thought.

He read the advertisement over again to make sure it was \$1,000 that was offered, and finding that it was, he congratulated himself once more on his great luck.

"I seem to be working my way to fortune a whole lot faster than the majority of boys, or men, either," he said. "I've \$300 in a savings bank that I found on the street about a year ago, and that with the \$500 Mr. Jardine presented me makes \$800. Now if I get the thousand reward, that will make me worth \$1,800. That is quite a bunch of money."

At that moment Brown came in, and Tom showed him the advertisement.

"Phew! A thousand dollars reward!" whistled Timothy. "Say, you're right in it with both feet, Tom! Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thanks!" smiled Tom. "By the way, I would not mention it to the rest of the clerks. It would produce too much excitement. That \$1,000 looks awfully big, you know."

"It looks as big as a house," said Timothy.

When Tom went to his lunch he made his way to the address given in the advertisement and asked for John Tyson, whose business was not stated on his door.

"Who are you from?" asked a well-dressed office boy.

"Nobody. Tell Mr. Tyson that I came in connection with his advertisement in the morning paper about a lost watch charm."

"Did you find it?" asked the boy.

"I found something like it," said Tom evasively.

"I'll tell Mr. Tyson," said the boy.

Tom was admitted to the inner sanctum and found himself in the presence of a big, handsome man, who outwardly looked like a millionaire.

"Well," said Mr. Tyson, "did you bring my charm?"

"What initials are on the back of it in monogram?"

"My own—J. T."

"I guess the locket is yours, all right," and Tom handed it to him.

"That's mine," said the gentleman, in a tone of great satisfaction. "I suppose you want the reward now?"

"You can suit yourself, Mr. Tyson. You advertised \$1,000, which seems a very large sum to offer. I admit I would be glad to get it, but if you wish to reconsider the matter, do so. Make it anything you want. If you had offered but \$5, I should have brought it to you just the same. Or had I known your identity as the owner when I found it, I should have returned it to you without any thought of reward."

"What's your name?"

Tom told him.

"Who do you work for?"

"Barnaby & Sanderson, importing and commission house."

"Where did you find the charm?"

The errand boy mentioned the corner where he had seen it lying in the gutter.

"You appear to be an honest boy and I'm obliged to you for fetching the charm back to me. It is worth \$5,000, but has a sentimental value far beyond that."

Mr. Tyson took his check book and filled in a check for \$1,000, payable to the order of Thomas Jones, and signed it.

"There you are," he said. "Put the money in a bank and some day it will come in handy to you."

Tom thanked him, put the check in his pocket, and left.

CHAPTER XI.—Tom Puts a Deal Through.

On his return to the office he showed the check to Mr. Barnaby, and told him how it came into his possession. The merchant was quite surprised, and told him he was a very fortunate boy.

"Indorse it, and I'll put it through our bank for you," he said.

Tom did so, and later on the cashier handed him two \$500 bills. Next morning William Jackson called at the office to pay his bill. The reason he had refused payment before was because the customer for whom he had purchased the goods had held him up on the ground that the articles were not satisfactory in several respects. This claim had been adjusted, and Jackson was prepared to settle. He shook hands with Tom and asked him why he had not called on him. Tom said he was too busy to make a special trip in Mr. Jackson's neighborhood.

"Well, then, I'd like you to call at my house. My daughter is very anxious to see you again, and you might oblige her if you won't accommodate me."

"I live in Brooklyn, but I dare say I could manage to visit your house if you and Miss Jackson particularly wish it," said Tom.

"We do wish it. Come up Thursday evening if you can. Here is my address," and the commission merchant wrote something on one of his

business cards and handed it to him. Tom looked at it and saw that Mr. Jackson's address was on East 72d street.

"I'll call Thursday, if nothing prevents," he said.

"All right. You will receive a hearty welcome."

The commission merchant then went away. A little later Tom was sent to a business house in the dry goods district.

"Is Mr. Jepson in?" he asked the clerk who came to him.

"Yes, but he's engaged at present. Take a seat."

Tom sat down near the door. It was slightly ajar, and Tom caught the gist of the conversation going on within. From it he gathered that Jepson had received a consignment of several cases of a certain new kind of lace from a firm in Belgium he was agent for in America, which he feared was not going to take with the trade. He had shown samples to the buyers of the most important department and other stores in the city, and they had turned it down, even at the bargain price he had finally offered it at, and he really didn't know how he would get it off his hands except at a large loss to the consignors.

This would be apt to lead to unpleasant feelings on their part, though it was really no fault of his that he couldn't work it off through the regular channel.

"How much is the consignment valued at?" asked the man he was talking to.

"About \$25,000."

"Well, I hope you'll get somebody to take it from you at a price that will save your credit with the parties on the other side. By the way, what seems to be the objection of the lace?"

"It's the design. The buyers are united in their opinion that it won't sell short of the bargain counter, and then it would have to be offered at about half its value."

"The firm in Belgium is the only house that makes it, I suppose?"

"Yes. And they wrote me that it was the rage on the other side."

"Well, it's mighty funny that no buyer will try it for of course you told them what is thought of it in Europe."

"Told them? I should say I did, and showed them extracts sent me from several fashion journals—the translations, I mean."

"It's very singular. If I was in the lace line, I'd see what I could do with it myself."

The speaker got up and took his departure, then Tom went in and delivered the letter he brought.

"All right, young man. Tell Mr. Sanderson I'll attend to it right away. I'll phone over to the warehouse and have the cases delivered this afternoon," said Jepson.

Tom got up and then hesitated.

"Excuse me, Mr. Jepson, but I heard that you had received a new kind of lace from Belgium. Could you let me have a sample of it, with your lowest price by the case?"

"Certainly. If your firm has a buyer in view, I'll make a specially good figure on it. If they could work off the lot, five cases, there will be an additional discount of—I'll put my offer in writing."

Mr. Jepson did so, handed it to the errand boy and Tom took his departure. It was merely an impulse that caused Tom to ask for a sample of the hoodoo lace and its price as fixed by Importer Jepson. He knew that Brown was an expert in the lace line, and he wanted to show it to him and ask him why he thought it wouldn't sell. He went in to Mr. Sanderson's office and reported what Mr. Jepson had said in reply to his note, and then he returned to the counting room.

"You're a judge of lace, Timothy. What do you think of this sample? It's something new from Belgium."

Brown examined it with care and curiosity.

"Where did you get it?"

"Never mind that. I want your opinion."

"My opinion is that it's a fine quality of lace, but the design is rotten."

"What's rotten about it?" asked Tom. "I think it's kind of unique."

"You bet it is. It will probably go in Europe, but over here—nixy!"

"Why won't it go over here? A new thing always takes, I thought."

"Well, only the upper crust can afford to pay the price this is worth at retail, and unless one of the leaders of fashion could be induced to start the ball rolling, nobody else would touch it with a ten-foot pole."

"But if it was put on sale at the best stores, and brought directly to the attention of fashionable persons, don't you think they might take it up?"

"They might, for you never can count on what a woman will or will not do, but it might prove a losing experiment for any fashionable store to tackle, and as trade has been very slow so far this year it's a question if any house adapted for its sale would go into it."

"I guess your idea is correct. I just asked for that sample out of curiosity, for I heard the boss of the house say that the lace had been turned down by every buyer he had shown it to on account of the design," said Tom.

"I don't wonder."

"Tell me how the design is rotten. It only looks odd to me."

"That's because you don't know anything about lace. If you were married and were looking over lace goods to make your wife a present, would you pick that out?"

"That would depend on the other samples I had to select from."

Timothy grinned.

"Well, I wouldn't buy it unless it was the fashion, and if I was a woman in a position to set the style, I'd turn it down hard."

Timothy turned his attention to his books and Tom went away. On Thursday evening he called at the Jackson home and received a warm welcome. Nellie Jackson had put on a few frills for his benefit, and she looked uncommonly sweet and pretty. Mrs. Jackson was a nice motherly lady, showing traces of early beauty, and she told Tom how grateful she was to him for saving her daughter from being knocked down and perhaps killed by the taxicab. Tom had brought the sample of Belgium lace with him and, in the course of the evening, he showed it to Miss Jackson.

"Dear me, that's a fine piece of lace, but the pattern—oh, my, I'd hate to wear it."

"You don't fancy it, then?" he said.

"Not in the least. It's real imported, I know, and must cost a good price by the yard, but I don't care for it. I haven't seen it in the fashion journals so far. It must be very new."

"It is, and is said to be much worn in Europe."

"Then it's sure to be introduced here. Our fashionables get many of their gowns made in Paris, and if that lace is used in the decoration of some of them it will set the style for it here, and the Fifth avenue dressmakers will lay in a stock of it. I'll show it to mother, and get her opinion on it, though I can guess what it will be."

Mrs. Jackson's verdict was similar to her daughter's, so Tom put it in his pocket, pretty well convinced that Jepson had a white elephant on his hands. On the following Monday morning Tom was in Mr. Sanderson's room looking up a letter in the filing cabinet when a buyer for the most fashionable department store in town came in.

"Say, Sanderson, here's a small sample of imported lace. It just came over on some imported gowns we ordered for one of the bonton. One of those gowns is going to be worn to-night at a swell reception. I'll bet we'll have fifty orders to-morrow to duplicate the gown. The only thing we lack is that lace, which is entirely new, and I have my doubts if any of it has reached this country yet. It's swell goods, though the design is something fierce, but that fact will cut no ice with the ladies when it is put on the gowns according to the sample. The effect of the design is altogether different then. You'd be astonished to see how it fits in with the color and style of the goods. Now I want you to find out if any lace importing house has it, and quote me the price. If none has come over yet, cable for particulars."

"All right, I'll look it up for you right away. This is the sample, is it?"

"Yes; it is rather small, but it will give you an idea what it is like."

"This lace will cost you wholesale not a cent less than \$5 a yard, and it may come higher. How much do you want of it?"

"We shall want one case, at any rate, as soon as we can get it. If there wasn't too large a supply of it in the city, we'd take it all so as to head off competition. I am afraid there is none of it on this side, and that it will have to be ordered from the manufacturers, whoever they are."

"I'll attend to the matter at once."

Tom had listened to the conversation, and he had a suspicion that the lace wanted by the buyer was the same as what Jepson regarded as a hoodoo consignment. In fact, he got a look at it and saw that it was the same. It at once occurred to the boy that here was the chance for him to make a haul if he had nerve enough to risk his money. He had Jepson's figures by the single case at \$4 a yard, with an added five per cent. discount if the buyer took the five cases.

According to the paper there were 1,000 yards in each case, and Jepson valued it at \$25,000. It struck Tom that if he could buy the consignment at \$4 a yard and sell it at \$5, what it was probably intended to be sold for originally, he stood a

good chance of making a profit of \$5,000. The question was, how should he set to work to accomplish it? He had \$1,500 in the office safe which he had not yet had the chance to bank. He was confident he would be able to get an option on the lace for that. Then all he would have to do would be to sell the option. He found the letter he was looking for and left the room. Then he asked the cashier for the envelope addressed to himself in which he had placed his money, after which he stepped into Mr. Barnaby's room and asked the senior boss if he could go out a little while in connection with his money. The merchant, supposing that he wanted to deposit it in a bank, let him go. Tom hurried up to Jepson's place. Being admitted to the private room he asked Jepson if he had the Belgium lace on hand yet.

"I have," replied the merchant.

"Well, I want to buy the whole lot on the terms mentioned in your offer."

"You mean Barnaby & Sanderson. Did you bring their order?"

"No, sir, I don't mean Barnaby & Sanderson. I mean myself."

"Yourself!" ejaculated Jepson, in astonishment.

"Practically. I am negotiating this deal with a view of turning it over to another party at a profit."

"Who is the party?"

"That is a question I can't go into."

"Have you \$20,000 cash, young man? If you can produce it, the lace is yours at a five per cent. discount, and an added two per cent. for the money down."

"No, sir; but I've \$1,500 to offer you for a ten-day option on the goods at five and two."

Tom pulled out the money and tossed it on Jepson's desk.

"If I fail to take the goods and pay for them within that time, my deposit is yours and the deal will end," said Tom.

"Well, for an errand boy you are going it some!" said Jepson. "Evidently your firm is ignorant of this little side play of yours."

"That has nothing to do with the matter. I am making you a regular business offer, on which I hope to make a rake-off. Is it a go?"

"It is," said Jepson promptly, for he judged that the boy had a customer for the lace who would take it right off his hands.

Ten minutes later Tom left Jepson's office with the option in his pocket.

CHAPTER XII.—Tom's Big Bid for Fortune.

When Tom got back to the office, Sanderson was out looking for the particular brand of foreign lace he had the sample of. He visited several importing houses and finally somebody told him that Jepson had a small consignment of that lace, but whether he had sold it all, the party couldn't say, so Sanderson called on Jepson.

"Hello, Sanderson! Glad to see you," said Jepson. "Have a smoke?" and he offered his visitor a box of prime cigars.

Sanderson took one, lit it, and sat back in the chair with his hat on the back of his head.

"I called around to see if you have received

from the other side a certain new brand of lace of which this is a small sample, taken from an imported gown which will appear in public this evening for the first time," and Sanderson laid his sample on the importer's desk.

Jepson looked at it and recognized it as the hoodoo lace, as he had considered it up to the moment he had sold the option to the errand boy.

"Yes," said Jepson, "I have five cases of it at the warehouse. But it's as good as sold. At any rate, I've received a deposit of \$1,500 on it, and I'm waiting for an order to deliver it C. O. D."

"Who did you sell it to?"

"That is a business secret," said the importer, who did not think it fair to give the identity of his young purchaser away.

He sympathized with the boy's desire to make a stake, and he wasn't a man to do anything that might queer the lad.

"Have you any more of it on the way over?" asked Sanderson, feeling disappointed at the turn of affairs.

"Not that I know of. I got that as a sort of entering wedge. I am the agent in this country of the manufacturers."

"I don't know how you will get it any other way. If I got an order for a case, or a dozen cases, of Lazard Freres brand of linens, the only way I could get the goods would be to send you my order for the same, as your house is the sole importer of it. Am I not right?"

"You are," said Sanderson, blowing a cloud of smoke.

"Very good. So if you want anything made by the Belgium house of Solway et Cie, you have to come to me."

"What's the lace worth, duty paid?"

"Five thousand dollars a case, holding 1,000 yards."

"I suppose you could get it over by the next steamer if I ordered late this afternoon?"

"I judge so, but I couldn't guarantee it until I had communicated with the house."

"The buyer of a house that we do a lot of business with is in a great sweat over this lace. He wants a case of it right away. I have an idea he would be willing to pay more than \$5,000 for a case of it, if he could get it at once. Under such circumstances, you might communicate with the party you sold the lace to and see if he would part with one case at least of it at a good profit on his purchase."

"Make me an offer and I will submit it to the purchaser," said Jepson.

"I will communicate with the buyer right away and let you know as soon as possible," said Sanderson, getting up.

"Do so," said Jepson, with a silent chuckle.

Jepson was certainly a very decent man to think of his boy purchaser's interests, in the face of that fact that the deal he had made with Tom was not a profitable one for the house he represented, though it was not a bad one for himself. He sized Tom up as a smart boy, and was willing to help him in making all he could out of his business risk. So Sanderson went away to see the buyer.

Jepson immediately wrote a note to Tom, asking him to call at once, and sent it by his boy. Tom read it and told the boy he would be up to Jepson's in half an hour, when he went to lunch.

He kept his word, and was admitted to Jepson's room.

"Look here, young man," said the importer, "I don't know anything about your intentions with regard to those cases of lace, but I know a party who seems to want one case of it bad enough to pay over \$5,000 for it. Will you sell one case?"

"I don't care to, as I expect to dispose of the five to one party. What's the offer?"

"I don't know yet. The fact of the matter is that one of your bosses, Sanderson, called on me in the interest of a certain buyer, whose house wants some of the lace right away, and is willing to pay a bonus to get it ahead of the time it will take to import it. Sanderson has gone to see his man, and will send me his offer this afternoon. If you won't sell him one or two cases at his price, I suppose he'll have to import it. You see, young man, I am putting myself out to do you a favor."

That closed the interview, and Tom, after taking a hasty lunch, returned to the office. Sanderson came in about half-past three and went in to see the senior partner. Timothy was called inside and given a paper which contained an order given to Jepson for five cases of Belgian lace, a sample accompanying it. As soon as Brown saw the sample he recognized it as the same Tom had shown him.

There was also an order from the buyer of the big fashionable store for the said five cases which Jepson had been directed to deliver next morning. Timothy called Tom to his desk.

"I know who imports that lace you showed me the sample of," he said.

"Who?" asked Tom.

"Jepson, of Worth street."

"How did you find it out?"

"We've just bought five cases of it for delivery to A—— & Co., on Broadway."

"Who told you all this?"

"I heard the buyer talking to Sanderson this morning."

"The Fifth avenue dressmakers will have their hands full, too. In fact, they are likely to get the bulk of the orders."

"If they do and want to turn the gowns out right away, they'll have to get the lace of A—— & Co. at a stiff price."

"What's the matter with a dozen of them standing in together and buying a cases of it of Jepson at the importer's price?"

"Jepson hasn't any more left. They'd have to wait till it's brought over from the other side, which would mean a delay of from ten days to two weeks, according to circumstances, and the dressmakers would be apt to lose their orders if their customers learned that A—— & Co. could make the gowns up right away."

"What did we have to pay Jepson for it?"

"Six-fifty a yard. That's over \$30,000 for the 5,000 yards."

"Say, Timothy, can you keep a secret?"

"Sure. Try me."

"Jepson sold those five cases to Sanderson for me."

"For you? What are you talking about?"

"You remember I showed you a sample of that lace last week and asked your opinion on it."

"Yes, and I told you the quality was fine, but

the design was rotten and that I didn't think it would go in this country."

"That's right. Well, I had just come from Jepson's then, where I had carried a note from Sanderson. While there I overheard Jepson kicking with a friend of his about the lace because he had been unable to impress any buyer with it up to that time. He said the price was \$5 a yard, but he had offered it in case lots for \$4.50 and was willing to take \$4 for the whole consignment to get it off his hands."

"Is that so?" said Brown. "You didn't tell me that."

"I'm telling you now. Well, it struck me that his offer was a bargain, as he said it was, so I got up nerve enough to ask for that sample and a written offer for the lot. He supposed I was acting for our firm and he gave it to me. As your opinion of the sample was similar to that of the buyers I began to doubt if it was a bargain, after all. I took the sample uptown when I called on the Jacksons. I wanted a woman's opinion, and both Miss Jackson and her mother turned it down. That about settled it for me."

"Why were you so interested in it?"

"Because I was figuring on buying the lot myself at \$4, and holding it for \$5, which would give me a profit of \$5,000."

In next morning's mail Tom found a letter to himself from Jepson. It contained a statement of account, which agreed with the boy's figures. The statement was accompanied by a letter which stated that the lace had been sold on sixty days' time, and that when Barnaby & Sanderson sent their check in payment of the account he (Jepson) would send his check to Tom for \$13,500.

He congratulated the boy on his shrewd deal, and remarked that while the foreign house had suffered in the matter, he (Jepson) was something ahead in the way of the commission he had made out of Tom.

CHAPTER XIII.—Tom's Deal in Linens.

Tom's success in the lace deal put him on edge for further efforts in the same direction. He had never thought of doing anything like that before. Of course, it was doubtful if another such chance would come his way. It was due to luck in the first place that his attention was attracted to the lace proposition. But it was chiefly owing to nerve, an ambitious desire to capture a stake, and the possession of \$1,500 cash that carried the thing through.

He continued to discharge his duties as errand boy with his customary faithfulness, and the firm never suspected his connection with the lace deal. During the sixty days that followed, Tom visited both Charley Barnaby and his wife and the Jacksons several times. In the latter case he was regarded as Miss Jackson's particular visitor, and she always made things pleasant for him. Charley Barnaby had got a job with a wholesale house and was doing well. So far, his father had made no advances toward a reconciliation, and Charley himself couldn't.

Toward the end of the sixty days Tom was summoned before the grand jury to testify against Septimus Plotter, who had remained in jail because he couldn't get anybody to stand for him

bail. The jury found an indictment against the bookkeeper and sent it to the office of the district attorney. The sixty days finally ran their course and Barnaby & Sanderson promptly paid Jepson for the lace. The importer immediately wrote a check for \$13,500 to the order of Thomas Jones and sent it to him by mail. Tom got it next day and showed it to Timothy Brown.

"You are well fixed financially now, Tom," said Brown. "I wish I was worth half as much as you are."

Barnaby & Sanderson were agents for the Eureka Linen Mills of Fall River. Trade having been slow in everything in the goods line that year, the firm still had 100 cases of the linen at their warehouse when the mill people notified them that they were about to ship them a large consignment of fresh goods. In such a contingency the 100 cases of the old stock were much in the way.

"We must get rid of that linen we have," said Barnaby to Sanderson. "Go out and see if you can't pass it around among the department stores at a price that will attract the buyers."

"The mill people will kick," said Sanderson.

"How can they? It isn't our fault that trade has been off color."

"Better telegraph them about the cases and give them an idea what you think we'll have to sell it for to work it off."

"They'll fall in with whatever we do. They know we have that unsold quantity on hand, and they wrote me this morning to get rid of it at a reduction for cash."

"You didn't say that before."

"I thought you read the letter."

"I started to, but something took my attention at the time and I didn't finish it. Well, what price shall I offer the goods in lots to suit for?"

Barnaby thought a moment and then mentioned a figure which Sanderson made a note of. Tom happened to be in the room and heard the talk. That morning he had seen a notice in one of the textile papers to the effect that the linen manufacturers had come together and agreed on a rise of a cent a yard on their product, the same to take effect immediately. That, taken in connection with the reduced price Mr. Barnaby had fixed on the 100 cases made the linen a good bargain for anybody who had cash to pay for it, or whose credit was good for thirty days, which was considered cash.

"That's a deal I'd like to go into," thought Tom, "but \$13,800 isn't enough to swing it."

Then he thought of Jackson, and wondered if he would help him out, for the man had been nice to him since he saved his daughter from the taxicab, and he had assured Tom if he ever wanted a favor to call on him.

He had won Jackson's admiration by telling him about his lace deal, and Nellie's father told him that he had the keynote of business success in him. Jackson had lately done a good deal of business with the house, and had settled very promptly, sometimes on a ten-day basis, thereby securing an extra discount, so his credit stood good with the firm once more. While Tom was thinking the matter over, Jackson walked in. On the spur of the moment Tom buttonholed him.

"I see a chance to make another stake, Mr. Jackson," he said.

"Do you?" said the commission man, with an encouraging smile. "Good!"

"But I've got to have a backer. The question is whether you could help me out or not."

"If I can I will. What's the proposition?"

"It's a big one."

"You appear to look only for big things. You have a good nerve."

"That's my keynote of success. I want to buy from this firm 100 cases of linens which Barnaby & Sanderson are anxious to get off their hands."

"One hundred cases! Great Scott, Jones! Do you know what Eureka linen is worth a case?"

"I know it's a standard article, but this is old stock and must be sold to clear the warehouse for the new stock that's coming in in a few days. Mr. Barnaby offers it in lots to suit for —"

Here Tom mentioned the figure.

"That's cheap," nodded Jackson.

"Sure it's cheap. Now, the National Textile Journal said in this week's issue that linen would be immediately advanced a cent a yard."

"I didn't hear about that," said Jackson.

"You hear it now. With the price up a cent, and those 100 cases bought at Mr. Barnaby's price, there's a large profit in the deal, for the linen can be sold at a cut price to the public. If the buyers of the department stores knew that we had 100 cases that we were ready to make some concession on there would be a rush here inside of an hour and the lot would be divided up between them."

"Well, suppose you were able to buy those cases, what would you do with the goods? You couldn't make a large profit working them off on the buyers at a slight advance on what you paid for them. The bargain has got to go to the buyers, or they wouldn't look at you."

"I know it. I'd sell the goods at a special retail sale myself."

"Suppose your scheme failed, where would I come in?"

"I've got \$13,800. I can work it. I'll give you \$10,000 to secure you against loss."

"But I wouldn't like to take your money in case you failed."

"Don't you worry about my failing. The word fail isn't in my dictionary. And look here, you mustn't let friendship for me interfere with business. The favor I want you to do is to cover me with your credit. I can't swing the deal on \$13,800, nor twice that. In fact, if I took \$50,000 to Mr. Barnaby and offered to buy the goods he would treat me as a crazy boy. He doesn't know anything about my record in the lace deal. I wouldn't dare tell him as long as I'm working here. You see the point, don't you? Barnaby & Sanderson mustn't know that I'm buying the linens through you. You don't have to tell the firm who your customer is. Give the order and let me do the rest."

After a little further talk, during which Tom said he could get the \$10,000 inside of an hour if necessary and hand it over to the gentleman, Jackson decided to make the venture. He felt under great obligations to Tom, and was willing to stretch a point to do him a favor. He also felt sure that if the boy failed to carry the scheme through he could probably work the linens off without actual loss. So he told Tom he would buy the goods if the price was what

the boy had stated. Accordingly, Tom took his name in to Mr. Barnaby, who was still talking to his partner.

"Tell him to come in," said Barnaby, and Jackson walked in.

The commission man asked about the linen the first thing. He said he had a customer who was looking for a considerable quantity of it if he could pick it up at a bargain, and asked Mr. Barnaby if he had any of his old stock left over.

"We have 100 cases of it. You can have ten or more cases of it at a special price. I want to get it out of the way."

"What's the special price?"

Mr. Barnaby stated it, and said that at that figure it must be paid for in thirty days.

"If you can sell it on ten days' time I will allow two per cent. extra," said the merchant.

"Very well," said Jackson. "I'll take the 100 cases."

"You must have a pretty swell customer on the string," said Sanderson.

Write your order out and let us know as soon as possible where the goods are to be delivered and we'll send them. We can't get them out of the way any too quick."

Jackson made out the order and Barnaby O. K.'d it and sent it into the counting room. The commission man then mentioned the business which had brought him to the office and got the figures on a certain line for which he had a possible customer. That finished, he went outside and told Tom that he had bought the linens.

"Have you? Fine and dandy! I shall resign from the office at once. My days as an errand boy are over," said Tom. "You may expect to see me at your office in the morning with \$10,000, where I will go into all the details of my scheme with you."

"That's right. You have no time to lose, for the firm wants the goods removed from its warehouse just as soon as possible."

"I'll be ready to take them in a couple of days."

Jack nodded, said good-by, and went away. As he passed out, a Western Union boy came in with a yellow envelope. He handed it through the cashier's window and went away. The cashier called Tom and told him to take the telegram in to Mr. Barnaby. Tom did so. The senior partner opened and read the message. A frown crossed his features.

"What do you think of that?" he said, passing the message to Sanderson.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said the gentleman. "It's too late now. We can't go back on the sale." This was what the telegram said:

"Messrs. Barnaby & Sanderson:

"Price in our linen advanced one cent a yard to take place immediately. While this does not apply to what stock you have on hand, it should have a bearing on any sale you make of it, as our goods are standard quality and advertise themselves.
Yours truly,

"Eureka Linen Mills Company.

"J. D. Brett, Secretary."

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

After lunch that day Tom went into Mr. Barnaby's room and surprised the head of the house by resigning his job.

"This is rather sudden, young man," said Mr. Barnaby, not pleased with Tom's announcement.

"Yes, sir, it is sudden. I didn't know myself that I'd have to quit when I came here this morning."

"It must be very important business which prevents you remaining the week out."

"It is. You'd agree with me if I could tell you."

"Is it a better position you are going to on such short notice?"

"No, sir. I have business to look after on which my future largely depends."

"Hum!" said the merchant, wondering if the boy had come into a legacy of importance.

Tom's resignation was accepted and he returned to the counting room, where he told Timothy Brown that he had thrown up his job.

"What for?" asked Brown, looking at him in astonishment.

"For my own good."

"Caught on to a better position?"

"No. I don't want another position. I'm going to be my own boss after this."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll let you know by letter. At this moment it's a secret."

"Well, I wish you luck, Tom, and I'm awfully sorry to lose you. I hope you'll drop in and see a fellow once in a while."

"I certainly will, for we've always been good friends."

When five o'clock came around Tom surprised the rest of the office force by bidding them good-by. They all wanted to know why he was leaving, but he had no explanation to make on the subject. He said nothing to his father or mother when he got home about his having severed his connection with Barnaby & Sanderson and what his intentions for the future were. They knew, however, that he was the moneyed member of the family, for he had astonished them with the details of his lace deal at the time he negotiated it. He had also passed that news on to Charley Barnaby and his wife, and the young couple were amazed at the sagacity he had displayed in working the scheme out. Tom wondered what they would think of his present deal, to which the lace one was a mere side show, for this involved a matter of \$100,000. On the following morning he called at Jackson's office with the \$10,000, which he paid over to the commission man.

"You will, of course, charge me your usual commission for making this purchase of the linens, and I will square up when the business is done with," said Tom.

He then went into the details of his plan to sell the goods direct to the public at a special linen sale which he intended to start at once in a large vacant store which was for rent in the heart of the shopping district. He meant to rent the store for one month only, though he did not expect to use it as long as that, hire a force to fit it up with tables hired for the occasion, hire a force of

salesgirls and some men clerks, advertise the sale prominently in the newspapers as the greatest linen sale of the century, and then trust to luck and the bargain instincts of women.

He and Jackson made a rough calculation of the probable expenses, with plenty of leeway to cover the unexpected, and then they figured out how low the linens could be sold so as to leave a good margin of profit on the transaction. He had a great advantage to begin with in the fact that the Eureka linens were a standard article which was seldom put on the bargain tables at the department stores. Such an extensive sale of Eureka linens at cut-rate prices was bound to create a sensation in the shopping district, for such a thing had never happened before.

"I'm afraid it's going to hurt the sale of the Eureka Mills goods in this city during half of next season," said Jackson. "At any rate, Barnaby & Sanderson are going to get in bad with the company for selling the whole lot to one party, at a price which will enable the purchaser to knock the socks out of the linen retail trade for a month or two to come. The bargain hunters, and every woman of average means is a bargain hunter when goods are marked up cheap, are going to load up on your sale, and when it is over I guess everybody will have all the linen they can use for a year. You will be generally denounced by the heads of all the department stores, not to speak of other stores affected, for inaugurating this sale, Jones, but I guess that won't worry you a whole lot."

"Not a bit," said Tom.

"You are certain to have a run-in with Sanderson also."

"I can't help that. The firm has sold you the goods. You have sold the goods to me, and no one has the right to tell me what I shall do with them. Everybody is out for the mighty dollar, and I'm right in with the push."

With the rest of his money in his pocket, Tom started out to blaze the way for his gigantic linen sale. The first thing he did was to see the agent who had the store to rent. At first the man would not listen to any proposition short of a year's lease.

"All right," said Tom, "I'll hunt up another place. I thought you'd be glad to get a month's rent while you had your sign up. You don't have to take it down while I'm occupying it. I want to run a sale to last till most of the goods are disposed of. That may take two weeks, and it may take three. I can't gauge the time. It will depend on the rush."

After some argument Tom got the store for a month, and it cost him \$600, which Jackson lent him. Then he arranged for the tables, several cashiers' desks, and other articles of furniture absolutely required. He put an advertisement in a certain paper for experienced male salesmen and porters who were to apply at the store next morning at a certain hour. Also another advertisement for experienced salesgirls, cashiers and cash girls to apply on the day after. He ordered two great signs to hang across the upper part of the store front and the copy read as follows:

"Unprecedented bargain sale of \$100,000 worth of Eureka Mills Co. Linens. The greatest cut-

rate sale of these standard linens on record. Everything to be sold at bed-rock prices. The Eureka trade-mark guarantee on every piece. This astonishing opportunity to housekeepers is without parallel in the shopping district of New York City. Store open from 8 to 6. Come early and avoid the rush."

Then Tom went down to Jackson's office and told him to order the 100 cases to be delivered early on the following afternoon at the store he had rented. That evening Tom prepared the big advertisement to be inserted in the Sunday papers announcing the commencement of the sale on Monday morning, the same to be continued until the entire stock had been sold.

At nine next morning Tom was at the store, and half an hour later the applicants for the male positions began to arrive. He quickly hired all he wanted and sent the others away. The porters were ordered to report at one o'clock, the clerks at eight next morning. Then the tables and other furniture arrived and were taken into the store. At two o'clock the cases began arriving by the truck load, and were shunted into the basement by the porters.

While this was going on Tom had his hands full hiring his female help, all of whom were instructed to report on Monday morning at 7.45.

Next day the porters were kept busy opening cases and bringing the goods upstairs, where they were properly arranged on the tables by the clerks.

When they knocked off at five everything was ready for Monday morning except the signs were not yet in position.

They were duly put up and attracted a great deal of attention.

The following day was Sunday and the advertisements appeared.

Women read them, noted the cut-rate prices on Eureka linens, and made up their minds to get in on the rush. Sanderson's wife called his attention to the advertisement and he read it.

He put on his hat and rushed around to see Mr. Barnaby. After a long talk it was decided that they must face a call-down from the Eureka Mill Co. Next morning the sale opened and by ten o'clock the store was a crush of eager women. We cannot go into details about that sale. It was a corker, and it lasted just two weeks, at the end of which time the small remainder of the unsold stock was sent to an auction house to be disposed of. After Tom had paid for the goods, settled Jackson's commission and all other expenses he was \$27,000 ahead, which raised his capital to \$0,000. Mr. Barnaby was so cut up over the deal and its result that he took sick and then sent for his soon and made up with him, recognizing Selina as his daughter-in-law. Two weeks later a new commission firm started in Franklin street, the sign of which read: "Barnaby & Jones." Charley and Tom had joined hands in business, and the errand-boy was now on the broad highway to success, working his way to fortune.

Next week's issue will contain "LITTLE JOHNNY BROWN; OR, HOW A SMART BOY MADE MONEY."

CURRENT NEWS

TWO EGGS IN ONE.

When H. M. Cooley of Santa Barbara, gathered in a seven by nine inch egg with the other eggs he was surprised. When he "blew" the big egg to preserve it he was even more surprised to find another perfectly shelled egg, about the size of an ordinary pullet's egg, inside the yoke of the first egg. By careful work Cooley "blew" the second egg inside the first and now has the two shells, one inside the other, much like a clever piece of Chinese carving.

FENCE SAVES FARMER.

Attacked by a bull, Wilson Sheetz, a farmer, fifty years of age of Rockefeller township, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, was tossed and trampled until he became unconscious. He was thrown over a fence by the last rush. This prevented his being killed. Sheetz struck the bull with a hay fork, causing it to attack him. He seized the ring in the bull's nose, which tore out, and the pain caused the animal to gore him again and again. Doctors say Sheetz may recover.

GIRL POULTRY EXPERT.

Two hundred and twenty chickens, 924 dozen eggs, value \$651.72, costs of production, \$199.90. Profit, \$451.82.

That is the record of twelve-year-old Alma Ockfen's efforts last year as a poultry raiser at McKenna, Wash., and just to show her appreciation of the aid given her by County Club Leader A. T. Dellplain, she is going to present to him a full-grown turkey.

Miss Ockfen has just completed her second year as a poultry raiser and a profit of nearly \$500 is the reward for her efforts. She also is interested in raising turkeys.

Alma intends to raise poultry for two more years in preparation for an agricultural course at college.

PORTO RICAN SUGAR "HOGS."

Sugar profiteers on the mainland are not the only ones who were "stung" when the price of the sweet crystals collapsed.

The hoarders at San Juan, P. R., at last realize that their dream of wealth has vanished in the maw of a supply exceeding the demand, shortened to the minimum by exactions of profiteers, and they are letting their sugar go for fear that if they hold it much longer it will be overtaken by the new crop and they may face actual losses instead of the mere loss of anticipated rich profits. Some hoarders may sustain actual loss, but they are speculators who bought on the rising market and paid a fictitious price.

Compared with cost of production, present prices represent what before the war would have been considered ample profit. But hope of 30-cent sugar has been given up.

A GOLD MINE IN A GARAGE.

Some time ago while excavating for a large underground gasoline tank at the Grass Valley

Garage, Nevada county, California, Mr. A. B. Snyder, the owner, uncovered a well-defined ledge of gold quartz at a depth of six feet. Mr. Snyder decided to do some mining inside of his garage. A windlass was installed and a shaft sunk, and in a short time some beautiful gold specimens were extracted from below the garage floor. The shaft was sunk to a depth of sixty feet, and so much water was encountered that an electric pump was installed in the shaft to keep the water out.

During the mining operations several tons of gold quartz were taken out of the shaft and drifts under the garage. This was crushed and milled in a near-by stamp mill. The quartz gave returns of \$137.50 per ton.

After working the mine for a short time the waste dirt taken out accumulated in a large pile which extended the full length of the floor inside the building, leaving little room for automobiles. Mr. Snyder decided he had mined enough and shut down. A local gold-mining company then purchased the mineral right under the garage and are now working the ledge through their mine. Because of its discovery in the Grass Valley Garage, the ledge is known to mining as the "Garage Ledge."

REAP WHEN RIPE.

The time to reap your grain is when it is ripe, according to the Olympian, of Olympia, Wash. "Selling a Liberty bond before maturity," the Olympian continues, "is comparable to selling the grain crop when it is partially grown."

"The man who bought a Liberty bond should regard his action as that of planting a crop which should be ready to harvest on the maturity date indicated on the bond. It is not good business judgment to expect to realize the maximum benefits from this crop until it is ready to harvest. If it becomes absolutely necessary to sell this crop (bond) before the harvest time, then he must regard himself as being somewhat at the mercy of the buyer, and must expect to make some sacrifice."

"The good business method, in case money is required is to use the Liberty bond as security for a loan at a bank. Then the accrued interest would still work to the advantage of the original owner, reducing the cost of the money from the bank, and enable him to hold on for the final benefits at harvest time."

"It is easy to sit back and talk about the possibility of changing supposed iniquities, but unless such talk is backed up by constructive suggestions for its accomplishment, it is but destructive criticism."

"Liberty bonds are the safest investment a man can make to-day; the present owner of a Liberty bond cannot afford to part with it until maturity, at which time he will have received interest in full for the use of his money, and will have his principal returned intact."

—BUY W. S. S.—

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER IV.

Lew Becomes Excited Over a Scene in a Moving Picture Show.—A Bargain.

"Well," muttered Lew, "if those two men are not rascals, then I'm no judge of human nature."

At that moment the office boy, the one of the pair that had rushed out into the hallway without a hat, came in very much out of breath.

"Did you see that fellow that tried to knock me down?" he said, recalling the fact that Lew had stepped out of the elevator just when he and the other boy had rushed into the hall. "We've been pals for two years, and he came in here to borrow a dollar from me this morning, and when I pulled out my wad to hand him the dollar he grabbed the whole business and bolted with it. I chased him for six blocks, ran him down, and got my money back."

"Good enough," said Lew. "I want to get acknowledgment of services from Mr. Sniffen in this case."

He handed over the papers to the office boy, and the latter took them into the private office, returning in a moment with Mr. Sniffen's signature. Lew thanked the boy and went on his way.

"That little matter between the two office boys may prove an important one for me," he thought, "for it gave me a chance to listen to what I believe to be cooked-up evidence, and I'm going to find out what I can about Luby and Dupree."

When Lew got back to the office he found John Scribner in his private office and at once made known to him all that had come under his notice when he was in Sniffen's reception room.

"That's mighty clear and strong testimony," said the old lawyer, when Lew had repeated to him what he had heard Luby say, "and if this man Luby and his companion repeat all this in court it will establish a perfect case for Mrs. Winslow, so I must send out my investigator to learn all that can be found out about the two men."

"It struck me that Sniffen was drilling them in their parts," said Lew.

"Without doubt. And you didn't like the faces of the two men?"

"I put them down for scoundrels."

"You are probably correct in your judgment. Since you went out I have been making inquiries about Sniffen and have found out that he is heavily in debt and gambling constantly, and from what I know of his character I am sure that he is in such a desperate financial condition that he

would lend himself to any scheme that promised money. Keep your eyes and ears open, Lew, and try to find out all you can."

Lew worked hard at the Winslow papers all the rest of the day, and when night came his brain was fagged out. His favorite remedy for this condition was to attend some one of the numerous moving picture shows in town, having found out by repeated trials that the performances made him forget all about his work and refreshed his tired brain.

Between seven and eight o'clock he called at the residence of Madge Morehouse, a pretty young music teacher, whom he had been visiting for the past year or so, and invited her to go along with him.

Shortly after that they were seated in one of the moving picture theaters and enjoying the show. After several pictures had been exhibited, one was announced as "The Work of the Black Hand."

It presented a very thrilling series of views, beginning with the arrival of a letter at the residence of a small shopkeeper who stood at the door of a small grocery. The man was evidently an Italian, and he showed great excitement when he read the letter, which demanded the payment of five thousand dollars by the Black Hand, who would blow up his place if he refused to pay.

Then followed pictures in which the unhappy Italian visited the police, and others in which more letters came to him, threatening destruction if he did not at once comply with the demand that had been made upon him, and then came a picture that was announced as "The Bomb Is Thrown!"

Lew and Madge watched it with interest.

It was a remarkably clear picture, showing the Italian grocery on the corner of a street, with cars coming and going around a curve, and people walking up and down, and others standing idle. Among these latter Lew caught sight of two men whose faces were so familiar that he started forward in his seat to look at them more fully.

Just at that minute a car came around the curve, and a woman came out on the platform, stepped down on the step of the car and was thrown to the ground, and at that same instant an explosion took place in front of the Italian grocery, which scattered the crowd in all directions. The front of the grocery store was seen to crumble and fall in, and the body of a man was thrown across an open window in the floor above the store, as though he had been killed by the force of the explosion.

That ended the scene, and Lew at once arose from his feet, his eyes snapping with excitement.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," he said to Madge, and then walked out to the ticket office.

"I want to see the manager on a matter of business," he said to the ticket seller, and the manager was at once sent for.

"You change your pictures every day, I believe," said Lew.

"That's right," answered the manager.

"Then you must hire the use of them?"

"Exactly."

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

100 DROWN, 200 HURT IN FLOODED MEXICAN CITY.

More than one hundred persons were drowned and more than two hundred others were injured in the disaster at Pachuca, when two dams above the city broke and torrents of water swept through the lower sections of this big mining center, according to the latest reports. A thousand persons were rendered homeless.

Several mines were flooded, and it is believed the death list will be added to considerably when the shafts are cleared.

The dams held backwater used in the chemical treatment of ores, and many of the deaths were due to the victims being poisoned by swallowing this water.

A singular feature about the disaster was that the two dams broke simultaneously. The reason for this has not been discovered.

COPPER MAN FROZEN TO DEATH.

Thomas Ward, president and general manager of the Ward Copper Company, of New York, was found frozen to death a few miles from Teller, Alaska, January 12, say advices reaching Nome.

Ward left the company's mining camp in the inner Seward peninsula with an Eskimo man and woman and two dog teams, to go to Teller, a reindeer station on Grantley Harbor.

After reaching the top of the divide above Teller the three became lost in the darkness. The Eskimos said they decided to go back to a cabin they had seen, but Ward proceeded alone.

For the next two days the Eskimos said they were storm bound in the cabin, and on the third day battled their way to the station, only to learn that Ward had not arrived. A searching party stared out the next day and found Ward's sled and dog team on Dewey Creek.

There were evidences that Ward had spent the night there. The temperature had been twenty degrees below zero. Ward was known to have had only one robe.

Members of the searching party said Ward had evidently left his team on the morning of the twelfth and started for Teller, ten miles distant. He probably became confused, they said, and headed in the wrong direction. The body was found on the Teller side of Grantly Harbor, about twenty miles from Teller.

CHILDREN SHOULD SAVE.

Every school child in America should be taught the value of a dollar; the dignity of honest labor; the joy of a workmanlike job. In order to promote such instruction the Treasury Department is giving sharp attention to the promotion of the Savings Movement in all educational institutions. Several State Legislatures have passed laws making instruction in thrift and savings compulsory and the National Educational Association has passed strong resolutions endorsing the movement. A letter written by Secretary Houston has just been sent to every school house in America. This letter says in part:

"To the School Boys and School Girls of America: I have been gratified to hear of the fine record you made last year in saving money, and of your investment in Thrift Stamps, War Savings Stamps, and other Government securities. Your Government is proud that the young people of the nation are developing these most practical habits. I can assure you that the money you are now investing in Government savings securities is very helpful in meeting your country's great responsibilities. While you are aiding your Government through the purchase of these securities, you are forming habits which will be most valuable in the future in the mastery of your personal financial affairs. I congratulate you on your record and encourage you to continue this splendid work.

"It is my earnest hope that from the lessons of thrift which you are learning in your school, by your practice of saving, investment, and intelligent use of all your money, you may early in life get such a start toward financial independence that your success will be assured."

If all the parents of America will join with the Treasury Department in this great campaign to make sound financial knowledge and habits universal, the prosperity of the coming generation is assured.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 W. 23d St., N. Y.

A NARROW ESCAPE

By Col. Ralph Fenton

Some half-dozen of the boys had dropped into Hal Westerman's room, and between a sociable game and a comfortable smoke were trying to lose sight of the fact that a summer night's storm was playing havoc outside, but it was all of no use.

There came a burst of "Heaven's dread artillery," followed by a vivid flash which put the full blazing chandelier to shame, and cut short the flow of small talk had been circulating.

"Reminds me of a night when I was up in the oil regions," said Harvey Spray. "Such a flash as that was set a twenty-thousand barrel tank on fire, and it went up in a blaze which you may well believe threw a light over the scene. The whole population of the town turned out, myself included. I've got the picture in my mind yet, the grass and the leaves showing a ghastly green, and the bristling derricks, and rough shanties, and excited people all looking weird and unnatural in the bright glare which lit up the valley. I'm not apt to forget it, for I came very near my death that night."

More than half his audience had, at one time or another, had some experience in the oil country, and seeing the interest expressed in their looks, Spray went on with his story.

"After an hour or so, the oil in the tank was brought to the boiling pitch, and all at once it heaved up like a fountain, and poured over the sides in streams of liquid fire that swept everything before them, till they finally ran into the creek, which was soon ablaze over its whole surface as far as we could see.

"I was new there at the time, and, absorbed in the strangeness of the sight, I never noticed that the crowd had scattered and left me alone, until one puddle and then another blazed up within reach.

"I started back then, and went knee deep into the mud, which is of the nature of quicksand; you fellows who have been there know what the thing is like.

"The more I tried to get out, the faster I stuck.

"Some of the other tanks had taken fire by this time, and the roaring of the flames drowned my voice when I shouted for help.

"It was a desperate situation, for in a very little time there was bound to come another overflow of the burning oil that would finish the job as far as I was concerned.

"I can't tell you how I felt, boys, as I waited there for death to come upon me in its most horrible form, or what a shock it gave me when I heard a cannon go off presently.

"I knew what it meant. The pipe-line men were firing through the tanks to draw off the oil and prevent an overflow.

"I saw it running towards me in a burning stream, and made sure that my moment had come—as it would have, only that the boys had caught a glimpse of me, and rushed in to snatch me out of that mud-hole at about the last second the thing was possible.

"I had enough of the oil country, and left it as soon afterwards as I conveniently could."

"About as close a shave as I ever knew," said Sharpe, taking up the theme, "was over in Clarion County in '79. There was a torpedo agent there, by the name of Dennison, who had the job to blow out a well that had failed to spout, though they had oil in it, and there were gushers all around.

He had filled the shed with twelve quarts of nitro-glycerine, and was lowering it to the bottom.

"There were half a dozen men standing around watching him and waiting until he would be ready to drop the weight that explodes the stuff, that being the time when the danger comes in.

"Well, the shell was getting near to the bottom, when Dennison heard a sort of gurgling below, and knew what was coming.

"'Run, boys!' he shouted; 'she's flowing!'

"It was so.

"The oil had started. The next instant it shot up, carrying the shell with it, to the height of sixty feet before the force was expended and it began to fall.

"Dennison didn't budge an inch.

"The whole situation went through his mind like a flash.

"It was sure death to run, for if that torpedo ever struck there wouldn't be enough of a man left of the lot of them to show as a sample.

"On the other hand, there were about nineteen chances out of twenty that it would go off from the concussion caused by catching it, provided he could catch in his bare hands the shell made slippery with oil which had also drenched him and the platform he stood on.

"But he did it, boys, and it was about as pretty an instance of true pluck and solid nerve as I ever ran across in my life."

"Speaking of explosions," said another of the party, "every man of you knows what an empty can is in the language of these regions. They are scattered around thick in the woods, where moonlighters have been plying their trade, and many an accident comes through the careless handling of them.

"Well, there were a couple of greenies out hunting one day who came across one of them, and set it up as a mark.

"It was such an innocent-looking object, that though there was an ounce or so of clear stuff in it that looked as much like castor-oil as anything else, they never thought of danger."

"Yes, it's just such idiotic business as that has brought about half the accidents one hears of," growled Spray. "We can imagine the rest without your telling it, but go on if you like."

"They put up the can as a target, as I have said. One stood up close to see where the bullet should strike, while the other measured off his distance and took his stand, gun in hand. It was the brightest sort of a day, with the birds singing and the sun shining, and those two men stood there without a presentiment of coming evil. It's hard even now to realize——"

"That two such fools could be wiped out of existence with so little resistance—eh?"

"The marksman took aim very carefully, the other, all eagerness, edged even closer; the trig-

ger was pulled, and where do you suppose the poor chap was found?"

"In mince-meat, a hundred yars away?"

"Not at all; right there, all sound. The stuff was castor-oil."

And that ended the reminiscences of the evening.

JACK ARCHER'S SNAKE CATCHING

In a little hut on the side of the great Storm King Mountain, in the Hudson Highlands, far above the river, and about an equal distance below the loftiest pinnacle of the towering hill, lives old Zachary Archer, who supports his wife and himself, the only inhabitants of the cabin, by catching snakes. The cottage is not visible from above or below in summer time. The thick foliage of the trees, and the dense undergrowth which rises almost to the level of its low roof, effectually conceal it; and as the old man has an insurmountable objection to a fire in the kitchen in the warm weather, and makes his wife walk two miles every day to a small cave to cook their food, which is always eaten cold, no floating smoke betrays the presence of their dwelling. But at this season when the mountain trees have partly withdrawn the curtains that covered it, while the gorse and brushwood are cowering close to the ground as if for warmth, the desolate little building is very conspicuous.

No other house is near it, and it is a picture of loneliness. The venerable snake catcher does not like it in the winter months, and passes as much time as he can away from it, leaving his wife and the snakes to keep each other company. They hibernate together, the serpents sleeping in the cold back room, and the old woman dozing before the wood fire, which burns night and day when the snow is on the ground. Old Zack, as he is usually called, is generally pursuing his slippery trade or doing his share of slumbering before a barroom stove in one of the numerous small villages or settlements at the foot of the mountain. He was engaged in the latter avocation a few days ago, when the reporter aroused him and asked him how he felt. He said he was well, but rheumatic, and added that the reptile business was brisk.

"It's always a sight safer in winter than in summer," he said, when he had taken something to wash down his sleepiness, "and though I don't get as many snakes I like it better. In summer the rattlers and the copperheads stand a chance of catchin' you instead of your trappin' them. You see, they're always wide awake, and keepin' their eyes peeled for danger. I can find them readily enough, but to get them into the leather bag I carry is a horse of another color. I have all sorts of ways of catchin' them. Sometimes I set traps for them, and that's a heap the safest way. The trap is only an open basket, with a lot of red flannel inside. Snakes, unless they're disturbed, will always go back to their old sleepin' ground when the sun is high. When I find a snake track I follow it until I come either to the serpent or his bed. If it's the serpent, I try to pin his neck to the ground with a forked stick that I carry. That's mighty dangerous work if he's a rattler, for I must go very close to him, and

if I miss him at the first jab I'll be closer in a second.

"However, I never missed yet, and I don't suppose I ever will now, I'm that experienced. When I have him down I take him with my hand, close behind the fork, so that he can't turn his head to bite me, and drop him into the bag. But if the snake hasn't gone to bed, and I don't find him, I go back about fifty yards along the track, and lay the basket down with the lid open. Then I hunt more serpents. When I come to the basket again, in two hours or so, I creep up from behind and slam the cover shut. The snake is generally inside, mixed with the flannel. He's found the place too comfortable to get out of it in a hurry. The serpent may be the wisest beast of the field, but he's a luxurious cuss, and he don't value his life nowhere as compared with his comfort.

"When I find a hole with snake marks about its mouth I just hang a running noose of cat-gut over it and fasten the single end to a stick like a fishing-rod. Then I put a lump of soft bread soaked in milk before the hole and goin' back, I hold the rod in my hand. Nearly all snakes are dead set on milk, and the smell of the bait is pretty sure to draw the one I'm after out of the hole. He must pass his head through the loop to reach the bread, and when he does that I jerk the rod, tighten the noose, and I have him. It's just like fishin'.

"Then there's my dog, Viper. He catches a lot of snakes and helps me to catch more. In the summer when he finds a snake, he'll walk around him until he makes him dizzy trying to keep his ugly eyes p'inted at the danger. At last he'll either drop his head or make a turn the other way to take the kinks out of his body. Then Viper is on him as quick as a wink. He grabs him by the back of the neck out of reach of his fangs and brings him to me without hurting him.

"In winter he can't catch the snakes himself, but he leads me to holes in trees and other snug places where they lie. Just to be on the safe side, I push a stick into their bedrooms first; but they're always as good as dead, they're so sound asleep, and I can pull them out with my hand, covered with a thick cloth glove. I have to use a good deal of ether to stupefy my snakes when I'm movin' them from one box or bag to another.

"Who buys my serpents? Well, I'll tell you. Circuses and small museums, as well as old fossils of naturalists, are always wantin' curiosities, and when I catch a snake with two heads or two tails, which I do about three times a year, I get a good price—of ten as much as \$100—for him. The common reptiles are worth only a few dollars each. Hello, here's Viper. Where have you been, sir? There's no snakes down here, you know."

An ill-looking dog with only one eye trotted up to the stove and lay down before his master. His worth as a serpent chaser may have been above estimate, but his market value was clearly below par.

"I understand you are engaged," said Mamie. "Not yet," replied Maude. "I have several offers, but the engagement rings have not all been submitted for inspection."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

JUMPS TO DEATH AT NIAGARA.

An unidentified man is reported to have jumped into the river above the Falls at 2:15 o'clock January 28, and to have been swept to death over the American brink. The man talked to S. W. Rhodes, reservation officer, just a few minutes before he made the leap. He told Rhodes he was from Cleveland, Ohio, and that he had come to the park to take a farewell look before leaving for Cleveland.

Rhodes turned and left the stranger looking at the Falls. He was attracted by a shout and turned back to see the man on the railing.

"Good-by," he shouted to Rhodes, and disappeared over the rail. Rhodes ran to the bank and states that he saw the man pass over the brink.

CATCHING SHARKS.

The shark industry on the Pacific Coast is reported as having developed into an established profession. Shark fishermen are still making good money, and are also making records in big creatures caught. The sharks are what is known as of the "mud" variety, ground feeders at great depth and entirely harmless to human beings. They live in great numbers in the deep inlets of the coast and are valuable for their livers, their skins and the fertilization values of their flesh and bones. At Main Island, on the coast near Vancouver Island, the shark fishermen are catching very large mud-sharks at a depth of 100 and 125 feet. Some of the sharks caught have been 35 feet long.

\$175 FOR HIS OLD SHOES.

Mayor Carl Mau of Verona, a suburb of Newark, N. J., has living, near Warsaw, in Poland, a brother, who has just written him something about the awful conditions there. The brother was at one time a prosperous country tradesman, but the war has swept away the little fortune he had accumulated.

When he was in better shape than that to which the war has reduced him, and he could afford to be a little particular, the Polish brother threw into the attic a pair of shoes that were not

just comfortable for him. Not able to be so particular now, he dragged the pair from the dust and cobwebs of the loft and was trying to convince himself that he might wear them on the pinch, when a neighbor happened in. The visitor needed foot covering more than Mau, and began to bid for the cast-offs. When his figure reached \$175 Mau parted with them—only reluctantly, however, because he suspected that they might be worth more.

"Such a thing as a new pair of shoes is not to be had anywhere in this vicinity," he wrote to the mayor. He said that coffee is worth \$40 a pound in American dollars, and a spool of thread cannot be had for less than a fiver. Folks around him are falling to bits for want of thread to sew their tatters together.

The mayor filled a box with goodies, not forgetting the coffee and the thread, and has forwarded it to Poland.

LAUGHS

Contractor—Did you offer that alderman \$500, as I directed? Secretary—Yes, sir. "How did he act?" "He looked insulted." "What did he say?" "He said I ought to be in the penitentiary." "What did he do?" "He took the money."

Family Friend—I congratulate you, my dear sir, on the marriage of your daughter. I see you are gradually getting all the girls off your hands. Old Olivebranch—Off my hands—yes! But the worst of it is I have to keep their husbands on their feet!

Miss Dreamer—When you stood on the brink of Niagara, and looked into the seething, surging, unfathomable depths below, did you not feel that you would like to jump in? Mr. Tourier—No, I hadn't received my hotel bill then.

Mr. Bluff (host at a little dinner of male friends)—Yes, gentlemen, I hold that every man should be master of his own house. There is no other way. Well, as you are all through, gentlemen, suppose we adjourn to the library for a smoke. Waggish Guest—Why not smoke in this grand old dining hall? Mr. Bluff—Um! Mrs. Bluff won't let us.

Average Man—These Sunday papers just make me sick. Nothing in them but commonplace personal items about a lot of nobodies no one ever heard of. Friend—I saw a little mention of you in the Sunday Gammon. Average Man (half an hour later, to messenger boy)—Here, rush around to the Gammon office, and get me forty copies of the Sunday edition.

"I never thought it of you, George," said the pastor's old schoolmate in the seclusion of the ministerial, "that I should live to hear you denouncing progressive euchre as wicked." "If I didn't," said the good man, "they would be playing poker next. But as long as I can keep them believing that they are sinning a little they will stick to their euchre."

GOOD READING

BOY TRIES TO SELL \$2,000 GEMS FOR \$2

Louis Dino, 12-year-old newsboy, 854 Second avenue, had difficulty the other day finding a market for a pretty bracelet he found in Fifth avenue between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets, New York. It had fifty-two shiny pieces of glass in it and Louis thought \$2 wasn't too much to ask, so he offered it to a truck driver.

"G'wan and sell your papers," said the truckman.

"Finally Louis went to Charles Stein's jewelry store at 764 Third avenue. Stein gave one look at Louis's bracelet and sent out for a policeman. It was made of platinum set with diamonds and worth about \$2,000.

Louis convinced the police he was telling the truth so they took his bracelet and let him go, but he didn't get his \$2.

PONZI BEGINS 5-YEAR JAIL TERM.

Charles Ponzi began December 11 to serve a sentence of five years at the Plymouth County jail that was imposed by the Federal Court as punishment for the fraud by which he obtained millions of dollars from thousands who invested in his get-rich-quick scheme.

Accompanied by his wife and by Federal officers, the prisoner was brought here from the East Cambridge jail, where he has been confined since his arrest in August.

The transfer marked a transition from the dapper dress or the persuasive promoter to the drab clothing of the convict.

Ponzi received the order to put on the prison garb with a philosophical shrug of his shoulders. It was the third time in his career of attempts to make easy money that he has donned convict's clothes. He served time at Montreal and Atlanta.

Mrs. Ponzi intends to leave the mansion home which he bought in Lexington at the height of his quick-rich scheme to come here and work in order to be near him.

PHANTOM HERD FOUND.

The phantom herd of the North has been found. For years a tradition of a great herd of buffalo somewhere in the Mackenzie River basin has lingered among the fur posts. Indians told of sighting it blackening the wild pastures of remote valleys. No white men had seen it. But trappers had chanced upon its trampled trails and ten years ago two mighty bulls that had straggled far from their fellows were killed.

F. H. Kitto, engineer of the natural resources branch of the Department of the Interior, who has returned from five months of explorations in the Mackenzie county, reports that he saw the herd and estimates it at 1,000 head. He received reports, he says, from Indians that another herd equally as large exists further north.

Canada has the largest bison herd in the world in the National Park at Wainwright. Jan. 1 it numbered 4,335. With the exception of ninety animals that still live in untamed freedom in the northern fastnesses of Yellowstone Park the Mackenzie River herds are the only wild buffalo left on the continent.

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... CALLING A CAB BY SLOT MACHINE

We are quite accustomed to purchasing our chewing gum from a vending machine; the automatic restaurant has introduced us to an unexpected variety of mechanical peddlers of liquid as well as of solid food; it is not even a totally new experience to many of us to buy a newspaper from an automaton or pay our street-car fare to such a device. The pay-station telephone has been on a slot machine basis in many of our cities for a long time now; and even when we put in a call for the fire apparatus we apply the slot-machine principle, divorced from the actual presence of a slot. It is as yet reserved to the dwellers in the German city of Hamburg, however, to exercise the privilege of calling the taxicab by use of a slot machine. You simply drop a coin in the slot and presently the desired taxi arrives on the spot. Whether your coin is deducted from your fare does not appear—it might reasonably be pleaded that it is worth a little extra to have the taxi wherever you may happen to be

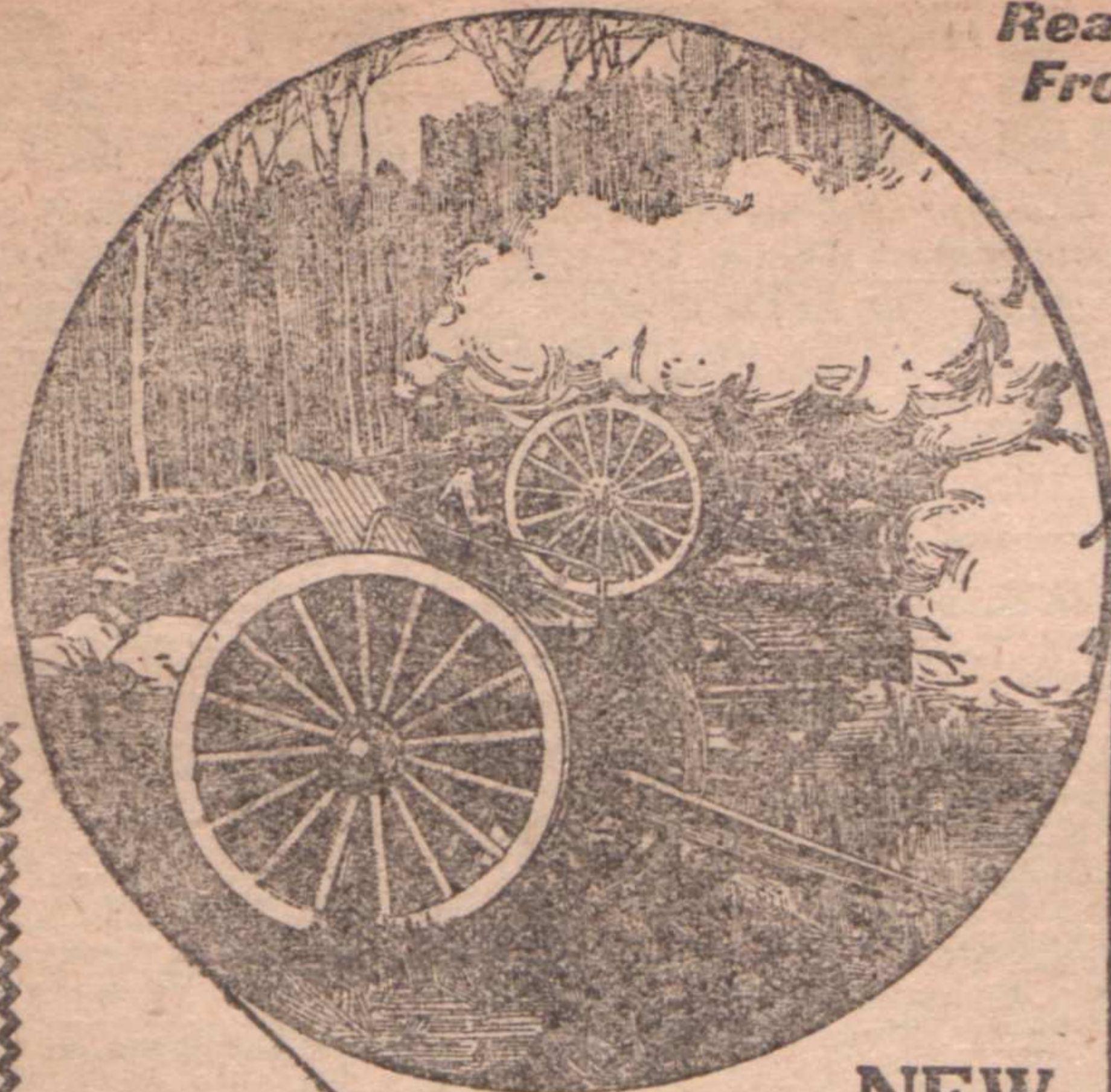
GIRLS SHINE SHOES

Girls in Catholic educational institutions in the country have found some novel ways of raising funds for the missions, according to reports received at the various headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

At Notre Dame, Ind., the girls of St. Mary's College and Academy have a model shoe-shining plant, where the girls interested in the missions shine the shoes of their fellow students for the usual fees, all income going into the mission box. This stand is maintained for the Bengal Mission of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and the shop is called the Bengalese.

At Mt. St. Joseph's Academy and College of Hamilton County O., the mission workers run a "beauty parlor," thus making the vanities of life pay for the spreading of the faith. The only vanities appealed to, however, are hairdressing and manicuring.

How quickly money can be raised in this way was shown by a recent report from the Notre Dame shoe-shining shop, whose receipts for one day amounted to \$50—enough to feed and care for ten destitute children for a month.



A Real Moving Picture Show In Your Own Home

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home,"—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 40-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$8.00. Send the \$8.00. to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,

615 W. 43d Street, Dept. 142, New York

Read These Letters From Happy Boys!

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for \$10.00 and Ordered Another

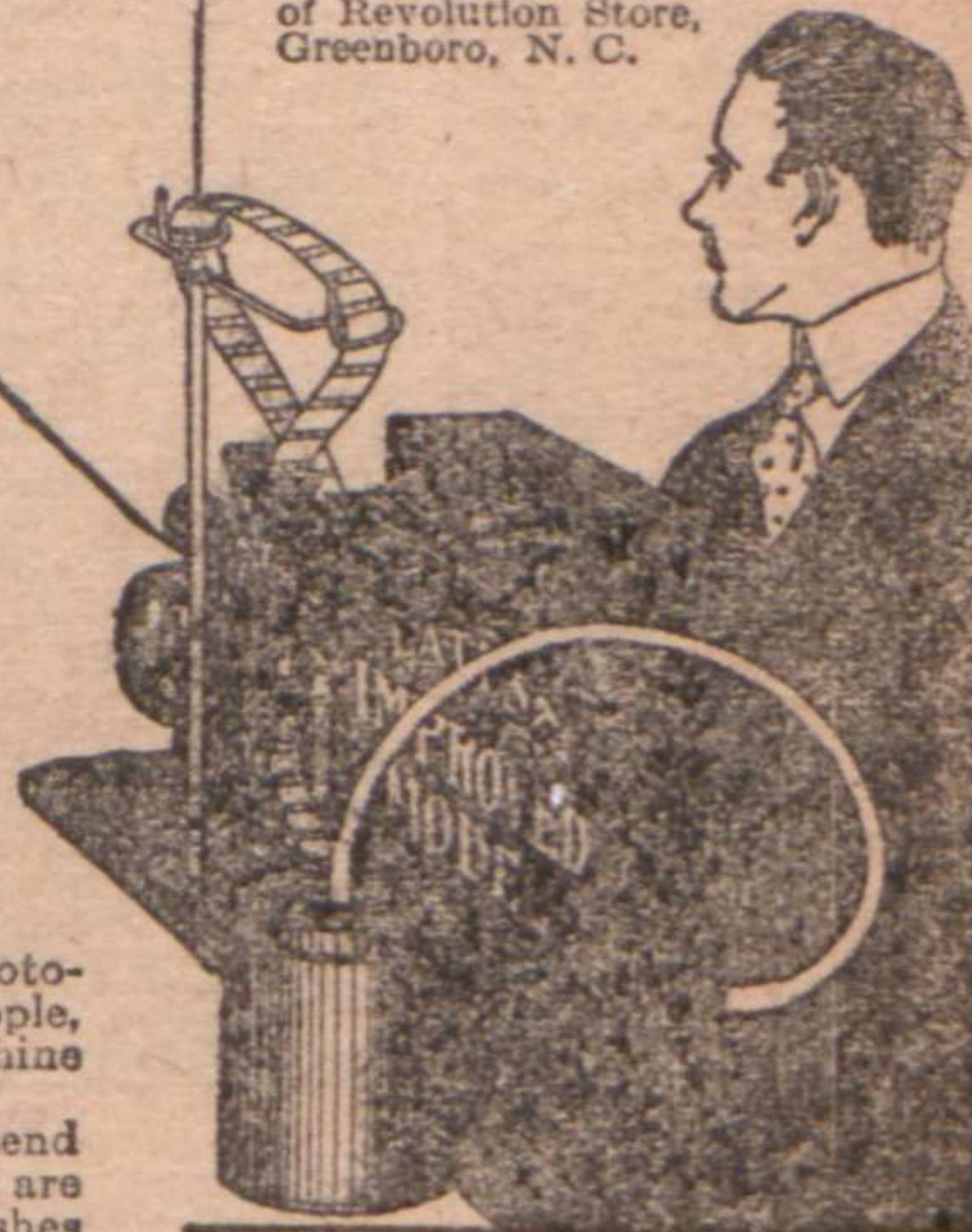
Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ebereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for \$25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Bresky, Jeunesville, Pa. Box 34.

Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer. Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,
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COUPON

400 PEASANTS WRECK GAME PRESERVES

Marquis Corsini, a rich Florentine aristocrat, who is fond of sport, has just had an experience with a new form of land invasion. It lasted only one day, but deprived him of any hope of hunting and shooting parties on his Valdarno estates for some time to come.

The Marquis, who was sick in bed was visited by his head gamekeeper who reported that twenty hunters, composed of the neighboring proletariat, had forcibly entered his game preserves and said they meant to hunt all that day, because "birds and beasts belong to the people." The gamekeeper had not men enough to resist the intruders, so the Marquis told him he had better leave them alone.

An hour later his surprise was equal to his annoyance on finding that the twenty, meeting no resistance, had sent word to their friends, and in a very short time at least 400 poachers had invaded his preserves.

All day long his estate was like a field of battle, so frequent was the shooting. When night fell the invaders had virtually exterminated all the game on the estate and greatly damaged trees and shrubs.

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Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 118 East 28th Street, New York City, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

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Another version is that the convict who is supposed to have buried the money received it for committing a murder in New York City. Children, as well as grown-ups, have been detected digging in search of the mythical treasure, but have been stopped by the authorities. It is alleged that \$50,000 of the amount was in gold and the balance in bonds. Many persons visited the spot the other day, and now it is being carefully guarded.

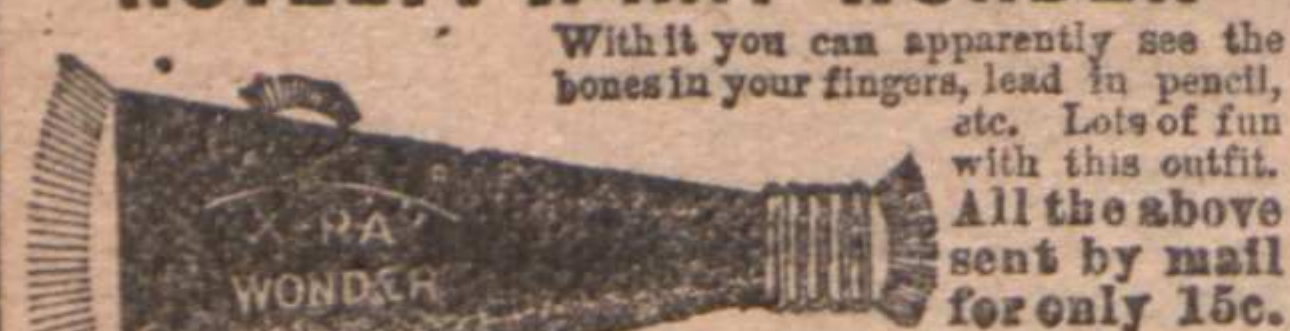
Carved in the bask of a tree some little distance away from the place where the money is said to be buried are the words \$150,000 Buried Beneath this Tree."

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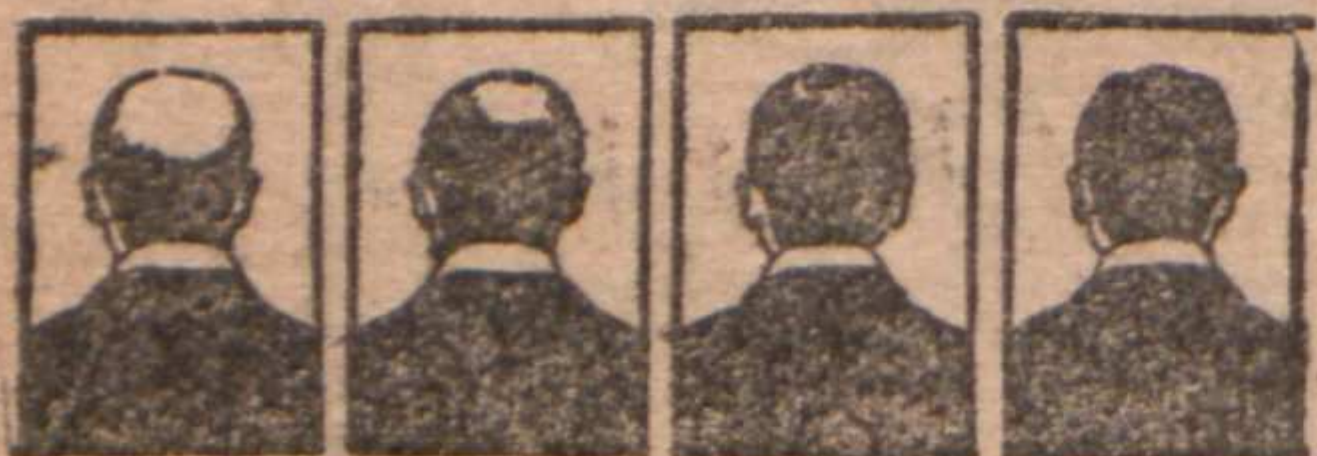
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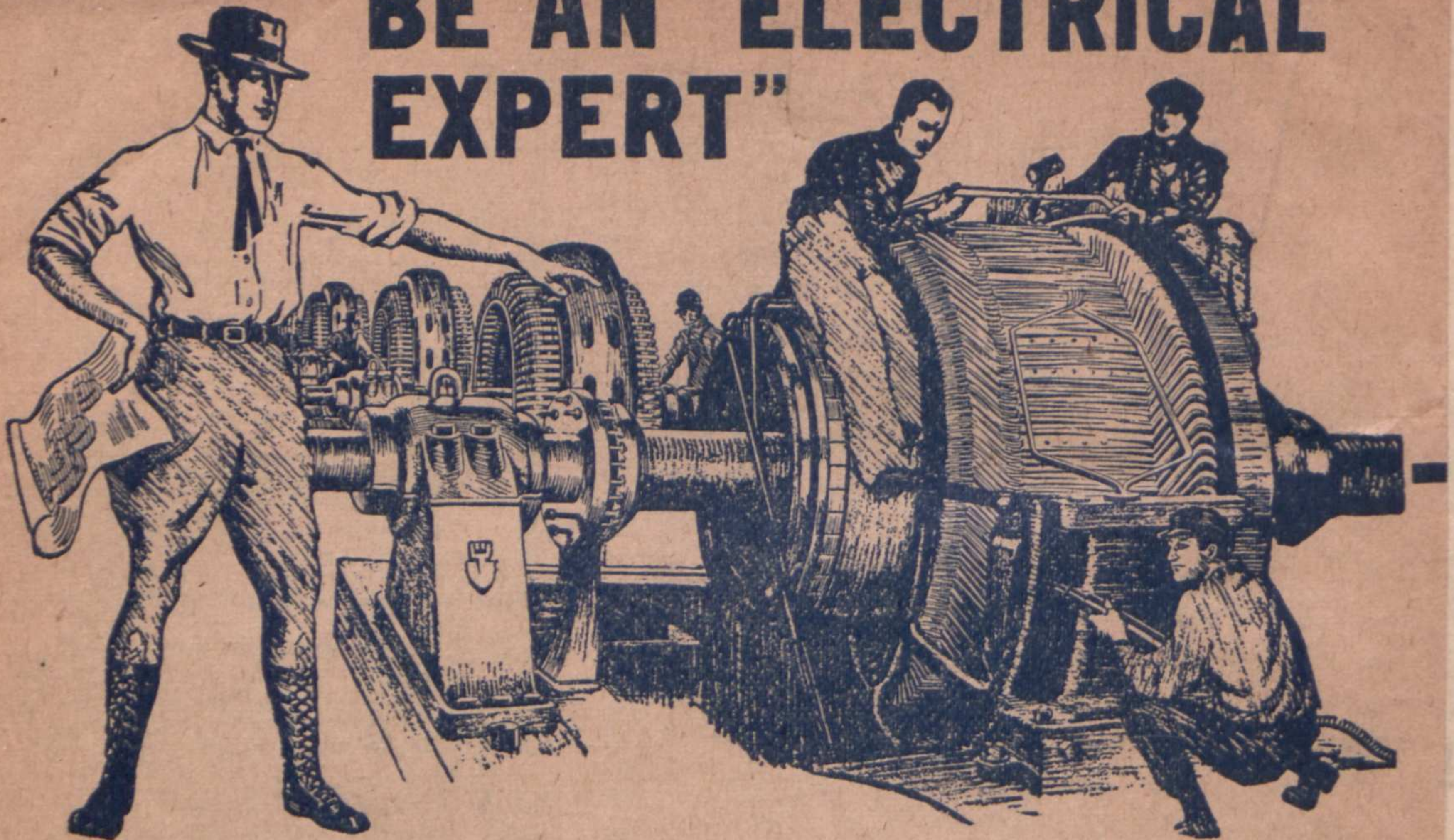
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